

Children's Newspaper, February 26, 1938

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The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MIRACLES CAN HAPPEN

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WIRELESS WAVES TO LIGHT A HOUSE

Astonishing Story From Germany

FOUR hundred market gardeners in Germany have been lighting their homes with stolen wireless waves.

It is an astonishing story. One of the gardeners, it seems, had the notion of lighting a lamp by using the electric energy passing through his house whenever programmes were being broadcast from Hamburg. After experimenting he found he could light a pocket lamp. Then he arranged to tap sufficient energy to light a table-lamp. As he was getting light free of charge he told his neighbours how it was done, and the secret was handed on till 400 market gardeners were poaching on the preserves of the Hamburg station. At first the authorities were amused at the idea, but after a time they discovered that five per cent of the energy they were broadcasting was taken, and they prosecuted the thieves.

The case gave the court some trouble. The evidence for the prosecution was not convincing. Had the electric current been supplied by wire the market gardeners could have been accused of stealing electricity, but the byelaws of broadcasting had nothing

to say about people using wireless waves for domestic illumination. The three market gardeners who represented the colony in what was regarded as a test case were fined trifling sums; but they were warned that the offence would become more serious and costly if repeated.

For most of us this new form of poaching is interesting because it is the beginning of a new form of illumination, although the B B C has known of lamps being lighted by wireless waves in the Droitwich area. The German market gardeners have been playing with a scheme for lighting their houses by wireless, and the time cannot be far distant when this method of illuminating houses and streets will be seriously considered. It may become universal, doing away with the need of overhead or underground cables, and enabling the remotest corners of the earth to turn night into day at the touch of a switch.

A generation ago the age of radio illumination was foretold in the pages of the Children's Encyclopedia. The dawn is breaking now.

INCONSTANT MOON

February Without a New One

Oh, swear not by the Moon, the inconstant Moon, ROMEO AND JULIET

FEBRUARY had to borrow its New Moon from January this year.

January supplied the New Moon on the 31st, a day before February began, so that February's Moon may almost be said to have been born (like some great men) before its time.

As few people ever see the New Moon on its first night out this does not seem to be of much importance, except as revealing the irregularities of the calendar. The moon keeps regular hours, and as regularly completes its voyage round the Earth in the same number of days. But the months are of uneven numbers of days, and February complicates matters by having 29 days instead of 28 every four years. Even that is a rule with exceptions.

The consequence is that, owing to these irregularities, the New Moon starts its career on different dates in the months, and once in about every 27 years gets into January, which thus sometimes has two New Moons and leaves February with none. Even the 27 years is only an average, owing to the interposition of Leap Years; and, beginning with 1870, the other years without a February New Moon have been 1889, 1900, and 1911.

DROPPING IN AT WHIPSNADE

INTO the placid paddock of the ponies at Whipsnade a glider came settling down, and out of the machine stepped a modern goddess.

She was Miss Ann Edmonds, of the London Gliding Club, who, after starting off from Dunstable Downs, had been caught in a downward current over Whipsnade, and could not get her steed to soar again.

So down she came, and very wisely chose the pony paddock instead of the Wolf Wood or the Lion Enclosure. These prowling animals might have welcomed her in an unfriendly manner, but all the Shetland ponies did was to crowd round and try to nibble the sail-plane's tail.

Miss Edmonds was well able to deal with the situation, and it is clear that the gliders, following hard on the heels of the aeroplanes, will soon be prepared to go anywhere and do anything.

Wives and Children Free

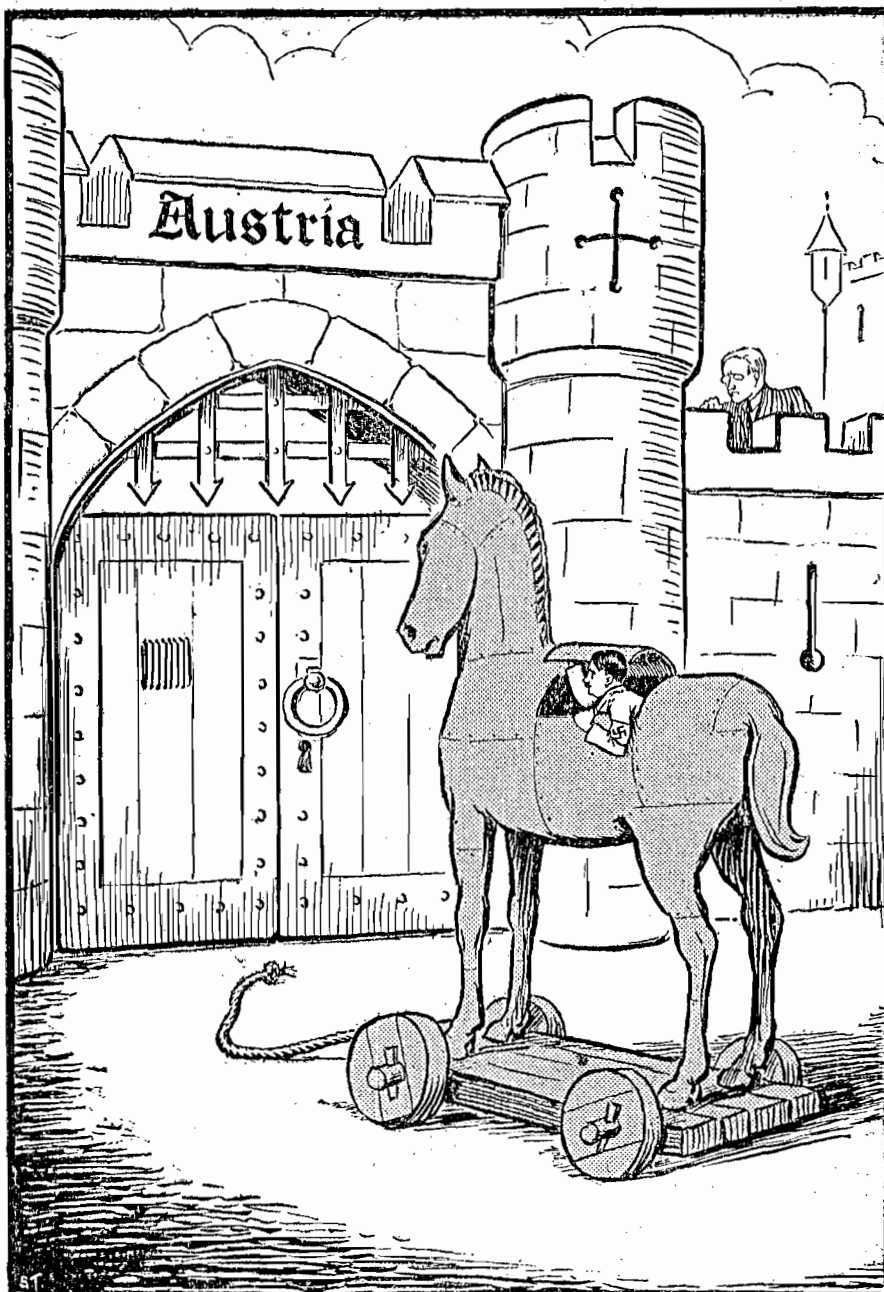
No longer need the wives of men travelling by air in America worry about their husbands, for three great air lines there have invited them to accompany their husbands as guests, the object being to make them air-minded. On one line children under two are carried free and special food provided for them.

The Rider in the Trojan Horse

ALL the world has been talking of Austria, the great military empire which has broken to pieces in our time.

It began the war with a population of fifty millions and ended it with less than five millions. It lies between Germany and Italy, and its independence is one of the master problems of European politics. Its people are German by race, and Hitler is an Austrian.

It is known that one of his chief desires is to bring Austria into Germany, and Austria has 250,000 Nazis who have been planning this, sometimes violently, for years. Now it seems that they have had their way.



Austria wishes to retain her independence, and Italy was believed to wish this too, for she does not wish Germany to come up to her border. Germany has of late been seeking to influence the Austrian Government to give power to the Austrian Nazis, and Herr Hitler has persuaded Herr von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, to take Nazis into his Cabinet, and especially to give them control of the police. This is the critical problem which lies at the heart of one of the most troubled areas in Central Europe, and everywhere men have been thinking of the old story of the Trojan Horse, which the Greeks left at the gates of Troy before they sailed away. The delighted Trojans drew the great wooden horse into the city, and it was fatal, for through a little trapdoor the Greeks crept out of the horse and all was over.

Will a Nazi in charge of Austria's police be another Trojan Horse trick, with a little Hitler or a group of little Hitlers hidden in the horse?

SAGA OF THE SOVIET MEN

1000 Miles on an Ice-Floe

When the full story of the drift of M. Papanin and his companions on their ice-floe from the Pole comes to be told it will rank with the great stories of Arctic exploration.

It will be a tale of the highest heroism and endurance. Forty-five years ago Nansen set out in the Fram from the New Siberia Islands with the expectation that his ship, wedged in the ice, would be carried by the currents across the Polar Ocean. The result confirmed his courage and his forecasts.

Unforeseen Dangers

But the adventure of the Russian scientists, which was inspired by Nansen's example, was more astonishing in its outcome than his voyage.

Till the Russian party, deposited at the North Pole itself by a giant aeroplane, and left there, found themselves being carried away from their base, Nansen's exploit remained unexampled. But their journey, which was far from being expected, was accompanied by unforeseen dangers and risks.

The original programme was that they should stay at or near the Pole during the whole of the winter, and in their scientifically constructed tent, or hut, carry out observations on atmospheric electricity and magnetism, as well as on weather, ocean temperatures, depths, and currents.

But then the Polar ocean took a hand by furnishing a current of unexpected force and speed beneath their feet. It drew them farther and farther from their base till it carried them to the Greenland Sea, and to the shores of Greenland.

Arctic Argonauts

Throughout their stay the wireless operator with the party had kept them in touch with Russia, and the signals had been picked up by amateur owners of wireless sets in America. Their reports for months together were filled with their daily observations of the conditions about them, and the wonder that people in America and Europe could hear the voices of men secluded in the Polar night ceased to be a wonder.

As their floe reached the region where the solid ice ceased and the pack ice was about to begin the danger and the excitement grew. All the world's eyes and ears were turned to the perilous journey of these Arctic argonauts. Their sojourn at the Pole had promised to science much valuable knowledge. Their thousand-mile voyage from it has added a new Saga to the world's stories.

The Beneficent Celluloid Doll

The production of celluloid dolls in this country has been one of the beneficent effects of the tariff.

... There is no difference between a child being burned by a foreign doll or by an English one.

Captain Euan Wallace, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade

This Week's Book

The Book Token this week, offered for the best letter asking for a book up to the value of half a guinea, has been awarded to Adam Smith, of Rutherglen, Glasgow, the book asked for in his letter being Scott's Last Expedition (John Murray 7s 6d).

The Editor will send a book each week in response to the best letter written asking for one, the only condition being that the reader must enclose a slip with the name and address of a new reader who undertakes to buy the CN for at least one month.

Transformation of a Jungle

SINGAPORE has seen the greatest day in the history of its transformation from a jungle and a swamp to one of the finest dockyards in the world.

It was the man who gave us the Zoo who gave us Singapore, for the British occupation of the colony owed its inspiration to the public spirit of Sir Stamford Raffles, a century ago.

The modern development of the island, which fronts the Strait of Johore on the Malay Peninsula, has been the work of about eleven years and has cost eleven millions. The work has been stupendous, for on this swampy ground everything was built on piles. There are now a mile of deep-water quays and a vast thousand-foot dock which can take the biggest ships in the world, with a floating dock which can easily lift the biggest ships. Last week this vast enterprise formally

came into life with the official opening, the dock being named King George the Sixth Dock. It was opened by the Governor, who declared that it was not a challenge to war, but an insurance against war, for it would add to the strength of the British Empire, which was one of the most important influences on civilisation that history has ever known. Built up on the foundations of truth, liberty, and justice, it must be strong.

There were representatives present of the United States Navy, as well as of the British Empire. Colonel Llewellyn, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, said that no warlike desire had prompted this great dock, for the British Empire harboured no aggressive thoughts. We signed the Kellogg Pact and meant to keep it; we wished friendship with all and sought enmity with none.

The Tragedy of a Man and a Well

A TRAGEDY which might doubtless have been averted by perfect organisation has been the subject of a Government Enquiry.

Last autumn typhoid broke out in Croydon, the home of about a quarter of a million people. On the eighth day the source of the disease was tracked down, but not until 300 people had been doomed to catch the disease, eventually resulting in 43 deaths.

It was the public spirit of a private citizen that set the danger prominently before the officials, who acted promptly, though had their Departments been properly in touch the water supply in which the germs flourished would never have been allowed to become foul.

It happened that work had to be done on a well, and while this was in progress water from it was unfortunately allowed to escape filtration and

the process by which germs are killed. The engineers appear to have overlooked what was happening, and did not think of testing the health of the workmen they employed. One of these had had typhoid in the war and still had its germs in his system; he was what is called a carrier. The medical officer, not being told of the work at the well, did not suspect water as the source of the disease.

From all this we may gather that Croydon has grown at such a rate that matters which would be common knowledge to all officials in a small town have been lost sight of.

We all learn from our mistakes, and the tragedy of Croydon makes it clear that the water supply of so big a town should be under the care of a specialist, and that the Medical Officer should be in close touch with all the doctors in the town.

A Slave's Trek to Freedom

THE death is reported in the Waschbank district of a native, Leah Radebe, at the great age of 100 years. For eighty years Leah had lived in the same district, she having originally hailed from the North Western Transvaal, where she was once a slave.

About 1850 Leah, with two others, packed up bags and baggage and began a trek which was to take them ten years,

for, hearing that there was no slavery in Natal, under British rule, she and her companions decided to bid for freedom.

They crossed the mighty Drakensburg Mountains, which in those days was a terrible undertaking. They crossed the Orange Free State as well, and for a while lived in Ladysmith, but afterwards they reached the Waschbank district, where they lived until death took them.

Mary Lamb in the Country



There was a Mary Lamb long ago whose pen has delighted millions; she was Charles Lamb's sister. This is a Mary Lamb of today whose voice has delighted millions; she is 18, lives on a Westmorland farm, and was broadcasting not long ago in In Town Tonight

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Ministries in two Indian Provinces resigned last week owing to the Governors having refused to agree to the wholesale release of political prisoners.

A Government Report on the possibility of obtaining a national supply of oil from coal declares that there is no hope of our being able to do so.

A British delegation is now in America preparing for the Trade Agreement between the two countries.

The B B C is next month to begin a news service in Spanish and Portuguese for South and Central America.

A tree beacon to guide ships has been planted on Portsdown Hill, Portsmouth, by the Men of the Trees.

The nursing staffs at five hospitals in Hartlepool are to have a 48-hour working week.

Tenants in council houses in Guildford are to get a shilling off the rent for each child.

Baroness Eva von Blixen-Finecke of Sweden has lately arrived in India from Stockholm in a Ford saloon car, the journey having included the crossing of the whole of wild Afghanistan.

The first sixth-generation baby has been born in Sydney; the young Australian is Ian Hasting Maitland.

Three orchids, originally from Switzerland and valued at £51, were flown the other day from Croydon to Cologne.

In 1870 Queen Victoria gave the Slough Fire Brigade its brass helmets, and the firemen have just replaced them with leather ones.

Not one case of drunkenness has occurred in eight years in the Rhuddlan area of North Wales.

Among rare old books recently presented to the National Library of Scotland are one of the finest copies of the first collected Chaucer and the 1645 edition of Milton's Poems, this having belonged to Cromwell's chaplain.

THINGS SEEN

An escaped monkey in the rafters of a church in Lancashire.

A blackbird dipping in a bird-bath 115 times in quick succession.

An Edinburgh doctor walking through the streets with a parrot on each shoulder, his constant companions.

A horse-chestnut in leaf in the first week in February at Drayton, Hants.

THINGS SAID

Is there one single nation with which we would wish to change places? Mr Eden

A great man is being foully and secretly tried in Germany and may be in danger of his life. Mr St John Ervine

Our foreign policy is the sanest, the most humane, and the most gentle since the days of Rome.

Mr Harold Nicolson, M P

London is a depressing place after Madrid, where the people are laughing and happy, full of confidence.

Mrs J. B. S. Haldane

The problem of juvenile unemployment is disappearing; there is no difficulty in placing those leaving school.

The Minister of Labour

Japanese toys for English children mean bombs for Chinese children.

Posters carried through London

The subject matter of the cinema is in the hands of men devoid of imagination.

Commander Stephen King-Hall

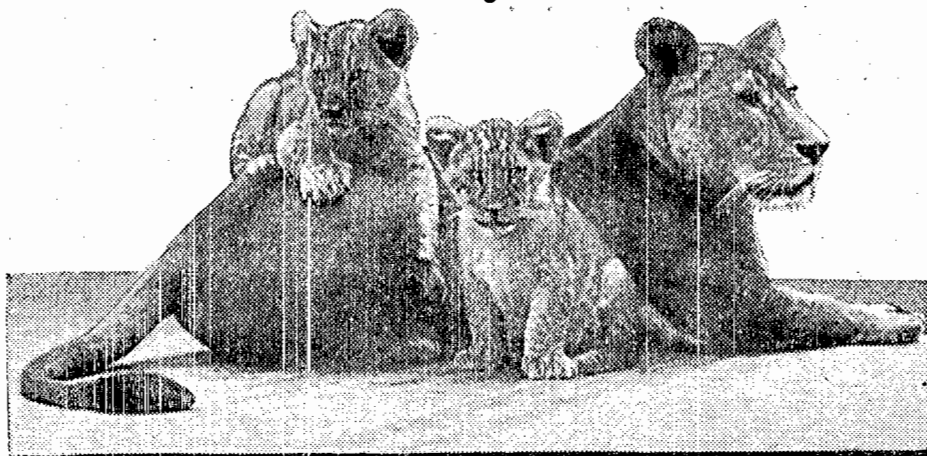
British brains should be given a chance to make British films.

Sir William Wayland, M P

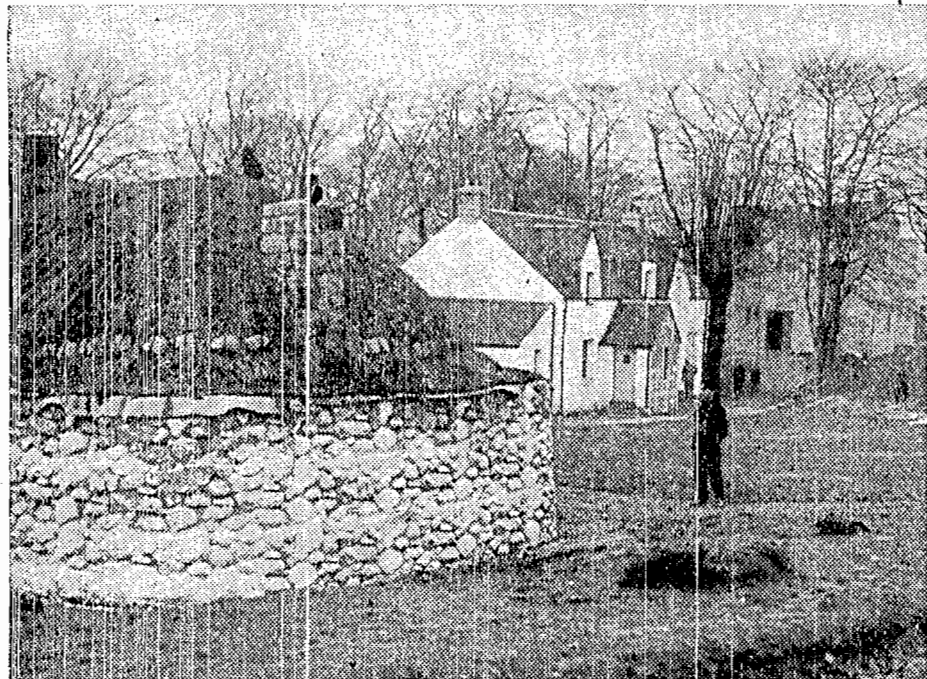
The trouble today is that everybody is talking about foreign affairs at the same time without knowing what they are talking about.

Mr Cordell Hull

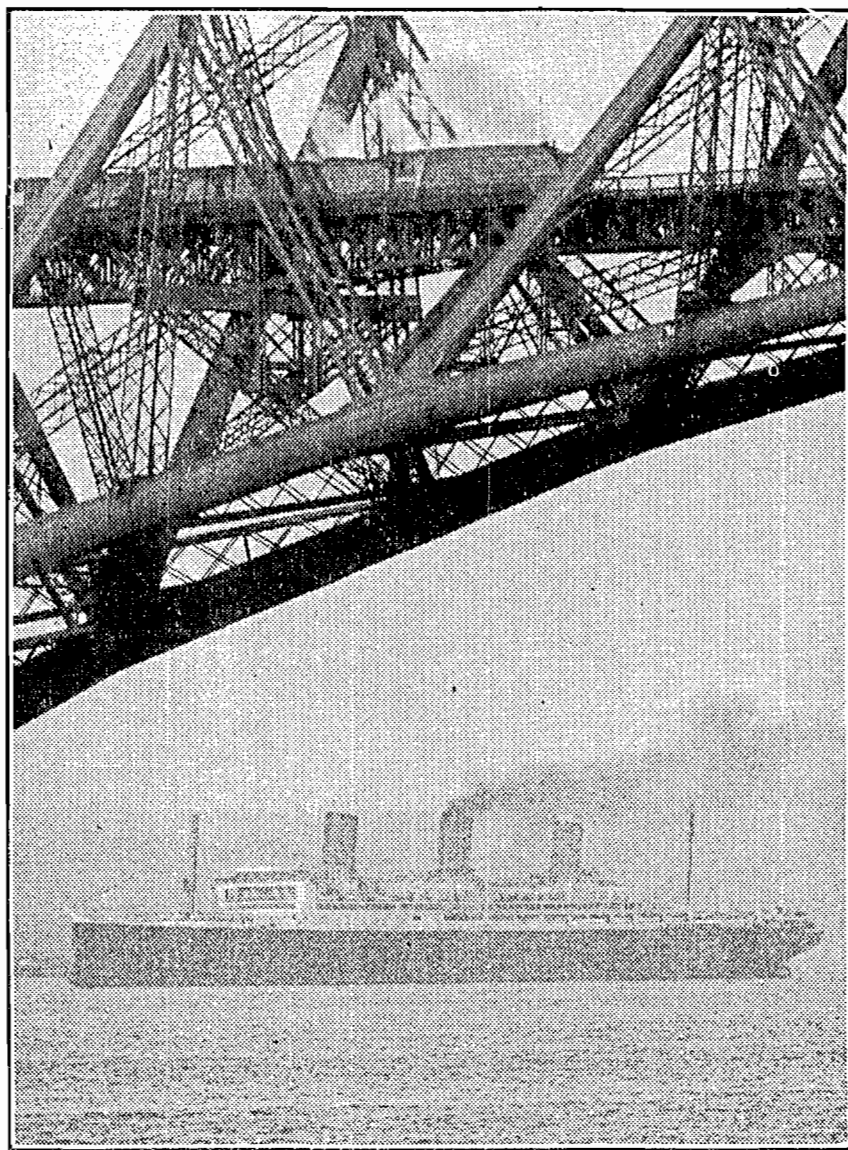
The Lion Family at Home · Famous Liner to be Broken Up



Family Group—Sally the lioness at Chessington Zoo with her two cubs



Scotland's Empire Exhibition—A Highland village constructed in the grounds of the great exhibition which is to open at Glasgow in May



Journey's End—The great U.S. liner Leviathan in the Forth, where she has been brought to be broken up. She was formerly the German ship Vaterland

WHAT THE FLOODS SAY

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish

A matter of a few inches saved the Fens from flood during last week's gale.

A northerly gale heaped up the flood tide off the Norfolk coast, till the tidal waters of the fen rivers began to threaten their banks. The swirling waters were breaking over the southern bank of the New Bedford River, eleven miles from King's Lynn, and it began to give. Motor-boats, barges, and lorries took 300 volunteers and 10,000 sandbags to the danger point, and disaster was averted.

It might not have been, and a worse flood than that which was feared last year might have occurred. But last year's warning seems to have left no impression on those who have most to suffer from Fenland floods, unless it is that they thought such a flood could never happen again.

It can. Last year, under the fright which the floods gave everyone, expert opinion was called in to advise on the best way to prevent them. A famous Dutch engineer came and advised and drew up two schemes of prevention, one on a larger scale than the other.

The public authorities seem to have pigeonholed both. Everybody talks about the floods when they come, and nobody does anything when they subside. It is because prevention that can be depended on would cost too much.

Penny wise and pound foolish is the motto written by the floods on the Fens.

A THING THAT PUZZLES ME

By the Duke of Gloucester

Finding himself on the platform of the Gloucestershire Society in London with Sir Fabian Ware, the Duke of Gloucester said that he and Sir Fabian were associated in the task of caring for the graves of our million dead in the Great War, and added:

All are beautiful, dignified, and restful, and are much admired by the foreign peoples in whose lands they are. It therefore puzzles me sometimes why so much inferior work has been done in these twenty years for the dwellings of the living in this country, which our dead loved and for which they gave their lives.

We watch with pleasure every attempt made to put things right and are proud of the efforts being made in our own county. But there is much that has been lost: woods razed and not replanted, stone roofs replaced by corrugated iron, beautiful old cottages being pulled down when they might have been reconditioned and made habitable at low rents. I fear that the balance may be growing on the wrong side.

A Stone For Bread

By a Cardinal

Cardinal Faulhaber, preaching in Munich last week (his sermon being relayed to two other crowded churches), made a bold attack on the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Germany, and added these words:

One must not fall into the error of supposing that after 1000 years of Christian history there could be any future for the German people without Christianity.

I am convinced that the people will refuse to take a myth for the Gospel, or a stone for bread.

SAY AYE

With a Loud Thunderclap

In St. Martin's Church at York the vicar looked smilingly at the people who had crowded it for the football service.

Said he: Those who would like to congratulate the York City team on its success can say Aye with a thunderclap of sound.

Aye! came from Yorkshire throats with a sound to shake the windows of the old church, which had probably not heard the like since the walls were built 800 years ago.

And why not? The church is the abode of rejoicing, the very place where the common joys of everyday life should be shared; and on the Sunday of the football service all Yorkshire was in high fettle.

York City, a humble little football team in the Third Division of the League, had won its way into the Sixth Round of the Association Cup by beating Middlesbrough, a First Division eleven. Little David had beaten Goliath.

It was cause enough for shouting Aye with a thunderclap of sound; and every parson would agree with the parson of St. Martin's who encouraged it. Even the bishops would not demur; for one of them, the Bishop of Whitby, had joined with the Vicar of St. Martin's in cheering his side when the game was being played.

The Odd Moment

By using well the spare moments that most of us regard as not only useless but as a nuisance, 35 clerks from the Manchester City Treasurer's department have won degrees. Every bit of their study was done in odd times before or after office hours.

KING'S SCHOOL HAS A NEW LIBRARY

An Old Boy's Old Books

The new library at the King's School, Canterbury, has received a rare treasure from one of its old boys, Sir Hugh Walpole, who opened the library the other day.

Sir Hugh gave the school his wonderful collection of rare books and manuscripts, among them a Shakespeare Folio, a book that belonged to Sir Philip Sidney when he was at school, a delightful volume of Charlotte Brontë's first novel, and some Thackeray letters.

Sir Hugh recalled the time when he first went to King's School, "a rather unattractive, dirty, and untidy infant aged ten." He would go into the uninviting room where the books were to try to find something exciting, but nobody seemed to take the slightest care in helping a small boy to find anything to read. Sir Hugh also told the school how he began to collect these old books. It was during the war, when he was on leave from Russia, and he went with Gerald du Maurier to a sale of books for the Red Cross. He saw four little black volumes he liked, but he did not know how to bid, and du Maurier told him just by nodding. The books were knocked down at a very high price, and Walpole cried, "They're mine!" "Of course they are," said du Maurier. "I have been bidding for them for you!"

The books for which they were bidding against each other now belong to King's, and we are sure that, as Canon Shirley said, they could have no better home than the room which housed the collection of Prior Sellinger, who housed his noble collection here 500 years ago.

NIGHTINGALES OR BUNGALOWS ?

SALVING SALVINGTON
Miss Nancy Price's Fight For Sixty Acres

WORTHING'S PRIDE AT STAKE

The beauty of High Salvington's sixty hilly acres of the Sussex Downs may soon become a thing of the past or may be saved for ever.

There is just time to save them before they disappear under a litter of houses. Miss Nancy Price, so often delighting the public on the stage, is now delighting us all by trying to preserve a piece of the real world. She has raised her persuasive voice on behalf of these downs, and if anyone can save them this princess of beggars will do so.

A Love of Beauty

She pleads their cause not for any interest of her own, except in so far as she shares a love of the beauty of this place high above the English Channel with all who pass that way. Many must know it, and must have paused there awhile to look over the sea to Beachy Head and Selsey Bill, or backward, gazing toward Chichester with Arundel and all the fair land between.

On their way to or from Worthing they may have passed along the slope through Honeysuckle Lane, where the nightingale can be heard at midday. Any heart might then be warmed at the thought that this is part of the King's England. If anyone should seek that way again, and find the crisp turf of the downs replaced by roads with little villas and bungalows, and Honeysuckle Lane converted into Petrol Avenue, he would wonder that anybody with the power to prevent that dismal transformation should have hesitated a moment.

A Permanent Attraction

But this appalling abomination will take place unless enough of those people who love the downs will put their hands in their pockets to stop it.

As they are next door to Worthing, the natural question is why Worthing cannot put up the money to save them. Worthing replies that its ratepayers cannot afford it, or cannot, at any rate, pay the whole of the bill for keeping this lovely place.

This excuse is not without reason. The Coast Preservation Committee has reported that there is small possibility of preserving many of the most beautiful stretches of the English coastline, because the local authorities are too poor to buy the land for preservation. But it is equally certain that if local authorities allow these beauties to disappear they will find they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, or a pot of message, and they will be poorer still.

Preserving Nature's Gifts

Why do people go to Worthing? Some go, no doubt, for the esplanade and the pier; but more, especially the resident ratepayers, go there or settle there because of the gifts Nature has bestowed on the place. When these disappear the other attractions dwindle and become common, as many seaside towns are learning painfully.

Worthing should pluck up its spirit and buy High Salvington as one of its best attractions to its visitors and a lasting refreshment to its own folk. If it will not, or cannot, the lovers of the downs must come to its aid; and we are pleased to note that among those who support Miss Nancy Price's appeal are Queen Mary, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena Victoria. Contributions may be sent to the Downland Trust Appeal, the Midland Bank, Warwick Street, Worthing; and the Editor of the CN begs that every lover of our Enchanted Land will send a mite to save a paradise.

MIRACLES CAN HAPPEN

This One Saves Millions of Lives

WHEN Sir Frederic Truby King's long life of 80 years drew to its close the other day he passed on full of years and honour, and New Zealand, which owes him so much, gave him a State funeral.

Honour was silently paid to him by thousands and thousands of men and women all over the world who owed their healthy bodies and even their lives to him. He was the founder of a new idea, the care of the Mother and the care of her child in arms; and the idea was expressed in his favourite word Mothercraft. Truby King insisted that the Mother must learn how to take care of herself and her child.

A Household Word

Truby King's idea of a Mothercraft centre such as he established in New Zealand 30 years ago spread to every English-speaking country, and Russia, Poland, Palestine, and even China copied it. Mothercraft has become a household word, and Truby King's share in creating it as a fact will not be forgotten by that vigorous younger generation among us, Girl Guides and VADs, to whom sound body and sound mind are a kind of religion. They meet it inevitably in their own courses of instruction.

What his teaching has done for the world cannot be expressed in statistics, but there are some figures to show its influence on infant welfare. He saw the deathrate among infants in New Zealand fall by half in twenty years. Could a more valid claim to immortality be assigned to any man than his?

The results of the New Zealand campaign for saving the lives of little babies dated from his foundation of the Society for the Health of Women and Children, known as the Plunket Society. They have been repeated in greater or less degree in every country where Mothercraft homes have been set up. In England the number of Plunket Nurses is continually increasing. The number of babies whose lives are saved, or who are being put on the road to health, is increasing also.

Victims of Ignorance and Neglect

It is one more example that miracles will happen if men and women are determined that they shall. The saving of infant lives in England is one of the miracles of the Twentieth Century. The callous sacrifice of millions of them was the disgrace of the Nineteenth.

The sacrifice continued even when some of the worst iniquities inflicted in the industrial era on young children had been swept away by legislation in factory, workshop, and mine. The plight of the babies remained desperate even up to the outbreak of the Great War.

In the generation before the war three million children were killed by the conditions of life into which they were born. Every year a million babies were born to us, and every year a hundred thousand of them died. Another fifty thousand, braving the perils of their first year, died before it was time to go to school. In the best of worlds some born into it must die early; but half of these infant victims perished of ignorance and neglect, and because their mothers did not know how to keep them alive, or could not because of the foul conditions they lived in.

It is the truth that in England conditions were allowed to continue which cut down life as a knife cuts chaff. We talk in dread of bombs, but the slum is more deadly than the bombing plane; it takes a toll of life as surely as poison gas. We read nowadays of gas masks for babies,

but what the babies of the slums want is fresh air and sunlight.

What the destroying slum does may be seen by the toll of infant deaths in one of the greatest cities in England on the eve of the war. In one part of it little children died five times as fast as in another part. In one part of this city, which was proud of having the best conditions that could be found in a crowded community, only six babies died in a year out of a hundred babies born; in the black part of the town the deaths were not six in a hundred but thirty. A child born in one street of this town had twice the chance of life that it would have had in a street not far away.

Consider what that meant. It meant that if the conditions of the whole country had been as bad as in the black part of Birmingham 25 years ago the deaths of babies under one year old would have been 300,000 a year. If the conditions throughout the country had been as good as in Birmingham's best part the deaths would have fallen to under 70,000. In the middle of England there existed social conditions which killed children four times as fast as they need die.

The Toll of the Slums

That is one example. Other towns pointed the same moral. Comparing the ten worst towns for babies with ten others, two babies died in the bad towns for one in the others. *Good government cut the deathrate in two.*

When the war ended the annual waste of life was 100,000 children under five. In other words, our social conditions killed a child under school age every five minutes. The war opened our eyes. We have learned much and done much since. We learned that among the poor infant mortality was sometimes as much as four times as high as among those comfortably off; and that children died three times as fast in slums as in good houses.

What have we done? Since the Armistice the cry of the poor has not fallen on deaf ears. More than half a million child lives have been saved, and the good work goes on. There is much yet to be done, and that much includes the lifting of the burden of poverty, of poor nourishment, and of hunger itself, from the mothers of the children. But if results plain for all to see are asked for we can find them in one sentence of the Registrar-General's latest report of lives and deaths in England. In the latest year recorded the deaths of infants fell to its lowest point yet, a rate of 57 for every 1000 born. In the last five years of last century, when some of those who write the CN now were writing indignant articles on the cruel waste of life, the rate was 156 per 1000. It has been reduced nearly to a third of the rate in the bad old days. And if we try to trace cause and effect we find that, while in the slum-infested Woolwich of 50 years ago the whole deathrate was the highest in London, it is now, owing to good housing conditions, the lowest. It is lower than in rich Chelsea.

God's Best Gift

Every slum pulled down means that health and life is lifted up. The march of civilisation largely made disease. It can remove the blight if it will.

Before our eyes the proof is growing. The children of the poor have paid the penalty for our ignorance and negligence. We can alter all that and make them heirs of the legacy which is God's best gift to all His children, health, and happiness with it. We have the opportunity to become the Twentieth Century's miracle workers.

KEEP PROSPERITY GOING

The Time Has Come For Serious Thinking

There is a bad employment return for the first month of the year. The number has risen to 1,827,600, and it is time to begin to think.

This was 162,200 more than in December and, worse still, 195,000 more than in January 1937. Moreover, although January is always a bad month for work, this year the season was very mild, so that outdoor work was little interrupted.

Many factors have contributed to reduce the volume of work. There have been wars and rumours of wars, restraining enterprise; but the chief trouble has been the industrial collapse in America, where still the steel works are producing less than a third of their capacity to produce! The business men, big and little, and the financiers are at loggerheads with President Roosevelt, and there is serious strife within the trade unions.

The Question of Building

Little the British Government can do to influence America or other foreign developments, but it has great power to influence our domestic trade and employment.

Building is a key industry. Taking building and contracting together, there are actually over 1,300,000 insured people in these great industries, yet we find 286,600 unemployed at the end of last year:

In building	172,600
In public works .. .	114,000

Surely this ought not to be. The nation needs an enormous amount of new building, repair work, road work, and so on. Why should 286,600 men be found unemployed at a day count?

A River of Work

Building carries with it a host of other trades, and if building is not done all these trades suffer. In December ten per cent of our brickmakers were out of work. Building, in short, makes a river of work. When busy it refreshes and revives many trades; when slack it leaves unemployment on its banks.

The Ministry of Health might well circularise all local authorities urging that slum clearance plans should be pushed forward and every effort made to expedite rebuilding. The slums are being cleared much too slowly after all the boasting of a few years ago, and there is no surer way to physical fitness than by blowing slums up or pulling them down. It is the duty of government to be prepared with lists of improvements needed, whether in town or country, so that if trade slackens a new urge can be given to it. The preparation of such plans is an urgent national need.

Could not the steadying of employment be made the duty of a special administrative body, calling to its counsels not only the Government Departments concerned, but representatives of local authorities and the most important of our industries?

Haversack Hospitals

Haversack hospitals are to be established at ten centres in Great Britain.

As mountaineering is so dangerous it has been considered wise to make provision for accidents, and the idea now being put into practice is that in ten chosen areas the First Aid Committee of Mountaineering Clubs will arrange for a stretcher and two Red Cross rucksacks to be within reach. It is hoped that by this means it will be possible to render first aid more speedily.

The rucksacks weigh 20 pounds each and contain blankets, a lantern, candles, kettles, hot-water bottles, splints, and a medical outfit.

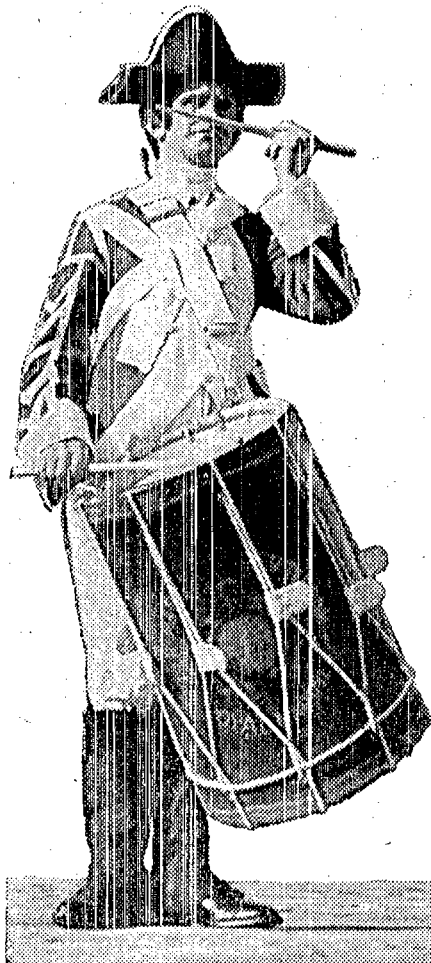
A PENNY STAMP

Stamp collectors will be interested in the recent discovery in a Dutch village of a rare Mauritius penny red stamp, postmarked 1849.

The stamp was part of a picture made of old stamps which showed a carriage in which sat a man and woman, drawn by a horse, and in the red Mauritius part of the horse's body was seen.

It has had an adventurous and rather complicated career, for it belonged first of all to a clergyman, who gave it to his charwoman, who sold it for twopence to someone who sold it to a butcher for three shillings, the butcher selling it for £670.

George the Fifth had an unused two-penny blue Mauritius stamp in his collection which was bought for £1450.



A drummer of Captain Phillip's day as represented in Australia's 150th anniversary celebrations at Sydney

HIS MEDAL

It is 30 years since Bert Winskill lost a medal while playing football at Penrith. The other day it was given back to him, after having been found during building operations.

HOMES LIKE THE EAGLE'S NEST

A missionary has just returned to Sydney after exciting adventures in Kweichow, China.

He is the Rev H. M. Hutton of the China Inland Mission, and his descriptions of the 200 tribes in Kweichow, each with its own language, writing, and dress, are very interesting.

The Black Miao tribe is the most remarkable in the region, he said. They are fairly wild, but extremely intelligent, and have wonderful singing voices. They are skilful at making arms, and every man has his rifle. As marksmen they have few equals. They live in absolutely precipitous country, and their homes are as inaccessible as the eagle's nest. No one, Japanese or anyone else, could ever capture people like them.

CALLING ON THE VICAR

The vicar of Tring, who is raising money for church funds, tells us that now and then a man will slink up to him as furtively as a footpad, or visit his house, like Nicodemus, at night. For all his stealthy ways the man is ever welcome, for he never appears without giving the vicar ten pounds in notes.

The Ozark Doll

LITTLE girls do endless things for their dolls, but who ever heard of a doll helping its owner? In the Ozark Mountains of America dolls actually are helping to clothe and feed their owners.

The Ozark Hillbillies, as the people are called in this range of mountains running through Missouri and Arkansas, are very poor. Most of them are farmers, but their land is so rocky they can hardly grow enough to feed their families through the long winters.

There is never any money to buy dolls for small daughters, so for generations fathers have whittled dolls from

cedar wood and mothers have dressed them in twilled cotton and calico, like the Ozark people. Many are copied from actual characters, clothes and all.

A writer became so interested in these quaint and fascinating dolls that she persuaded their owners to loan the best of them for a display in a big city. She told people of the hardships of their owners, and soon donations poured in.

They were shown in other cities, and in very little time everybody was clamouring for Ozark dolls, so that now all the Ozark "whittlers" will be busy during the winter carving out dolls to sell.

ON £16 A YEAR

Mr and Mrs John Mackintosh of Keith-town in Scotland have celebrated their diamond wedding. The King sent congratulations by telegram, and those who know the old people are talking of the miracle they performed in their young days, for Mr and Mrs Mackintosh brought up a family of ten children on a farm servant's wage of £16 a year.

TURNING SEAWEED INTO FABRIC

Seaweed has long been used as a most useful manure, but it has been left for an Irishman, Professor Dillon of Galway, to suggest that it can be chemically treated to produce material for roofing, carpeting, and panelling. It may also be turned into a cloth yarn, as is done with cellulose.

These discoveries will mean much in the future, as natural stores of certain materials diminish. Professor Dillon points out that chemistry is providing man with two methods of meeting the needs of his complicated civilisation. The first is the production of material from carbon and hydrogen, such as rubber and plastics; the second is the alteration of plant substances that are being daily produced by the sun. Development of this method seems bound to lead to a shortage of the more widely used of these plant substances, such as cellulose, and when the shortage becomes acute seaweed may be a useful substitute in certain cases.

A BOTTLE FROM THE SEA

Eight-year-old Jimmy Young, a prizewinner in a C.N. competition, sends us this note concerning a holiday find.

I was staying in the village of Allonby on the Solway coast in Cumberland. One stormy Saturday morning my brother and I had a brisk walk along the beach just about highwater mark. About a mile from Allonby I picked up a bottle with a note inside, written by Mr Abendschein, who lives at St Petersburg in Florida. He had dropped the bottle overboard on his return to America from England. I have written to him and have had letters in return, also a book of views of St Petersburg, which looks a delightful place.

SMOOTH SERRANUS

Scarborough has thousands of visitors every year, but few are as gay as one appearing unexpectedly a few weeks ago. His name was Smooth Serranus, and he was an exceedingly rare specimen of fish to find in the North Sea.

About ten inches long, Smooth Serranus was brilliantly coloured, with a brown back, red sides streaked with vivid blue and yellow, and striped fins. It seemed as if he were wearing his gala costume and had arrived too late for the holiday season. This was quite understandable, for the gentleman had most likely come all the way from the Mediterranean. Experts declared that this was the first time a Smooth Serranus has been recorded in English waters farther north than Dover Straits.

WALT DISNEY

For seven years the Bath Children's Kinema Council has been carrying on its good work.

The other day, to everyone's amazement, Walt Disney's first full-length film was granted only an A certificate by the British Board of Censors, on the ground that some of the scenes are too terrifying for children. The annual report of this Council says that many of Mr Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons, not only Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, are sometimes quite unsuitable for young children, and the report deplores the lack of good film entertainment.

The matinees given by the Council have included educational and action films, these being watched with breathless interest by the children, who soon become tired of a lot of talking and description and prefer action.

IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE

Geoffrey Collinson is not yet seven, but he walks five miles every weekday except Saturday. He must have walked about a thousand miles in search of knowledge.

Living at Kelton-in-Teesdale, this Yorkshire boy has to attend school at Mickleton. If his home had been three miles from school the authorities would have been compelled to provide a conveyance, but as the distance is 220 yards less than three miles Geoffrey has to walk there and back.

Australia's All-Steel Train

AUSTRALIA'S latest transport triumph is the streamlined Spirit of Progress, an all-steel, air-conditioned train built in the Victorian Railways workshops for the Melbourne-Sydney run.

Wherever possible the materials and the workmanship are Australian, though products from every part of the globe have been used in its construction. There is pure gold in the gold lines on both sides of the train, and in the winged monogram on the front of the engine.

To eliminate noise and vibration nine layers of steel and sound-deadening material have been placed between the outside and the inside of the carriage floors. Each carriage has its own air-conditioning plant, so that the trying summer heat will not worry the passengers. The most attractive room in

the train is the observation car, panelled in Australian hardwood; it has a semi-circular end so that from any position in the car a passenger can see three-quarters of the countryside through which the express is passing.

The carriages are handsomely furnished and carpeted, and each passenger is provided with a reading light, and the windows are of unbreakable glass.

The average speed of the train is 50 miles an hour on the non-stop run to Albury, on the border, where, as the railway gauges vary in each Australian State, the passengers will have to transfer to another train.

Four other locomotives, all of the Pacific type, are being built for this and other services, and will be called after famous pioneers.

LEARNING AT PLAY

Tucked away between Kensington High Street and Notting Hill Gate is Lord Ilchester's Holland House estate, and at the end of it, overlooking glorious trees, is a new kind of progressive school.

The pupils, between five and ten, spend two-thirds of their time with French and German teachers, who arrange games and dancing, and tell and act stories in their own languages. Thus the children pick up languages while playing.

BY THE BLIND FOR THE BLIND

Mr Albert Wild has made a model of the old Blackpool Wheel. Though blind, he has marvellously clever fingers, and the model he has constructed, over nine feet high, is designed so that it may be used as a money-box for the Fylde Blind Society. As its 30 carriages reach the bottom they automatically turn over and empty their contents down a chute.

ZOO NEWS

Zoo news includes some new arrivals, a retirement, and two deaths.

The new arrivals are two 18-month-old Wrangel Island bears. They are full of high spirits and tricks, which they have not yet had an opportunity to show off, as up till now there has not been room for them in the bear dens. However, Sam, the Zoo's oldest Polar bear, is over 20 years old and is to retire to the country, and the youthful pair will have his home.

The Zoo has lost its oldest female bear, after 28 years in the Gardens; and also Peter, the giant forest hog from Kenya, who died after a short illness. These hogs do not seem to like life in England, as one by one they have all died.

A CELL FOR SALFORD

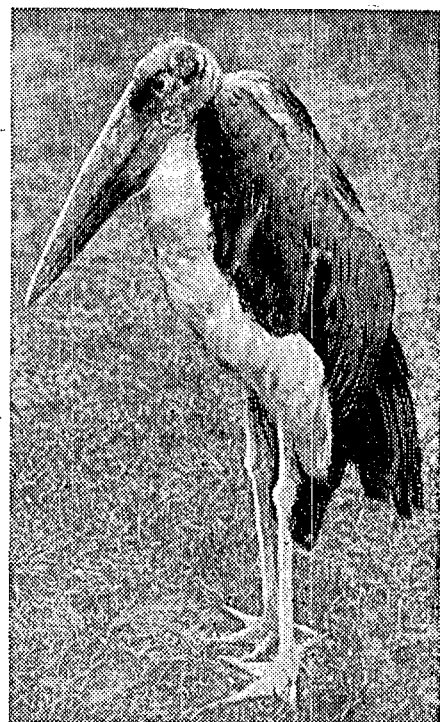
The ancient house Kersal Cell, built on the site where a 12th-century monastery once stood, is likely to become the property of Salford citizens. Standing by Kersal Moor, the open space beloved of the workers of this city of factories and docks and wharfs, it was here that Dr Byrom wrote his famous hymn: Christians, Awake.

BEFORE ELECTRICITY

The recent display of the aurora borealis reminded someone in Newcastle of a story told in Scotland after an unusually brilliant display in the north.

A boy went home and told his father that the schoolmaster had been telling him that the Merry Dancers, as the Northern Lights are called, were caused by electricity.

"Then the dominie doesn't know what he's talking about," declared the father, indignantly, "for there were Merry Dancers long before electricity was invented."



Dreaming of summer climes—a marabou stork at the London Zoo

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 26 1938

Mr Eden to Young Britain

We gladly give our platform this week to our Foreign Secretary, who has been speaking to Young Britain at Birmingham, and said this:

IF we survey the world, is there one single nation with which we would wish to change places? Certainly there is no other great industrial country in the world where the standard of life, the scale of social services, the enjoyment of equality before law is superior to our own.

I know the difficulties which beset us all, but youth looks forward with vigour and with faith. The one hopeless creed is fatalism, the belief that the struggle for your ideals is not worth while, the feeling that somehow your ideals will be cheated in the end.

Few of us perhaps realise the privileges we enjoy until they are challenged; often we do not appreciate them at all. Of the privileges which we have and which our fathers have fought for at home and abroad, the best is freedom—freedom to think and to speak; freedom to act as we deem right in the religious, the intellectual, the political, and the social field; freedom to live our lives according to the standards which our conscience dictates to us.

If once we forsake this freedom which we have inherited, not only shall we bitterly repent it, but we shall betray the trust which it is our duty to hand on.

The essential factor in every branch of life is the attitude of mind in which we approach our tasks in the present and our prospects in the future. Let that attitude be one of refusal to accept defeat. If that attitude be spread widely through the nation, especially through your own generation on whom the nation will have to count in the coming years, then this country cannot be defeated in its purposes and in what it stands for.

Among the voluntary associations which exist there is ample scope for wider and ever wider service to the State.

Democracy such as you and I believe in has its own objectives, and must pursue them in its own way. This does not mean defiance or antagonism towards other countries: friendship between democracies and dictatorships must not become impossible. We do not wish to see the lasting cleavage which ranges democracies against dictatorships. I feel that the future rests with you to concentrate not on the differences but on what is common to both. But remember this implies that you should know your own faith and let it be a faith born of conviction, a faith that cannot be shaken.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter, House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Bunch of Primroses

A LITTLE picture that will not fade as long as primroses are left in the world has come to us in primrose time.

It is a picture of the early years of the reign of George the Fifth, when he was deeply troubled with the gravity of a crisis in Ireland. The shadow of civil war was looming up in this country for the first time for nearly 300 years, and King George was sorely tried. One day in the midst of this grave time the King went out alone into his garden and spent the afternoon picking primroses for his mother.

It is in Lord Escher's Journals and Letters that we read this; they are appearing in the Sunday Times.

The Thousand Millions

TWENTY months before the war the cost of armaments in Europe was £600,000,000. Twenty years after the war it is £1,600,000,000—one thousand millions more.

Procax Says

THERE are unknown poets still at school. We have been looking again through the Cantaurian, the magazine of the oldest school in England, and come upon this by Procax:

*See the stonemason
Put a new face on
Time-eaten stone,
While Time eats his own.*

Time bears all things away, but has it ever been put like this before?

What Few People Know

FEW people know that nearly a million boys and girls under 16 are at work in insured trades. The number is: boys 531,150; girls 415,850.

The number of children working in coalmines is: boys 30,090; girls 300.

We do not like to think that girls are still going into mining work, even if they do not go down the pits; with 100,000 unemployed adult miners, why should there be 30,000 boys at work?

What Italy Said in 1934

IT is only four years since the Italian naval estimates were presented to Parliament with a report blaming Japan for the armaments race, and adding this:

The Japanese does not consider war from the same point of view as the white man. His mentality revolves round his historic mission, the triumph and domination of his race. Therein lies the tragedy of tomorrow. This people is advancing with the strength of its arms, and still more of its thought, based on its presumed historic mission. Today it is invading and organising China; tomorrow, urged onward by racial hatred, it will fight the white race.

If this should catch the eye of Signor Mussolini, will he please read it?

The Boy and His Bicycle

SO many of the ten million bicycles in use need to be "repaired with new ones" that we direct attention to the sad case of a Birmingham boy of 15 who was killed in a collision.

In evidence it was shown that the machine was dangerous owing to age and bad brakes. Again and again we see boys on defective bicycles, sometimes with ramshackle carriers, and it is a profound pity, for bicycles are cheap, but boys are precious.

Why?

AS the question of the Stop Light on cars is now being considered in Parliament, will some MP please ask the Minister of Transport why the County Council trams in London stop without giving warning?

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ALMOST half our miners now have pit-head baths.

TEN thousand bottles of milk are drunk every day at the pit-head.

JUST AN IDEA

If you have not done one little kindness today, or learnt one new thing, or been stirred by one beautiful thing, have you any right to go to bed?

Under the Editor's Table

CERTAIN experiments are being made on the Underground. Will they drop them?

THE modern girl cannot do much fancy cooking. But gives you plenty of sauce.

THE railway porter who wants to go in for flying evidently hopes to rise above his station.

BOOKS help to form character. Especially cheque books.

LIFE in the country, says a speaker, can be as full as it was in the old days. What of?



Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If gardeners beat
about the bush

A DOCTOR says bargain basements are unhealthy. They get you down.

TIME was when a gentleman stood out among his fellows. But he was often taken in.

GREENHOUSES are very useful for raising plants. So are spades.

YOUNG people like to have their fling at a party. Throwing their weight about?

MANY rude remarks can be heard on the Underground. They are passed over.

The Prophet of 1824

IT is recalled that Emerson, who died in 1882, foresaw a time in which aerial warfare would be possible.

Over a century ago prophetic writers visualised the effect of such warfare on British naval supremacy. A contributor to Ackermann's Repository, a journal published in 1824, prophesied the supplanting of sail by steam in the Navy, which did not take place for nearly two generations, and the further defeat of steamships by air fighting. He said:

Men-of-war have made way for steam-vessels, with a chimney for a mast and a column of smoke for a pendant. Naval officers command them, with a thermometer for a speaking trumpet; the captain stands over the boiler, and directs the paddles. The story of the British navy evaporates in steam, or is condensed into a bucket, and the safety of a gallant crew lies in a valve. O! that I should live to see the day when a British line-of-battle was led by the nose by a floating tea-kettle.

After this outburst of eloquence the writer went on:

Balloons, I suppose, will next come into play. Then adieu to the greatness of Old England! We cannot expect to cut such capers in the air as we have done on the sea. We shall have too many and too powerful competitors on that element, which is alike open to all.

Unfit For Work

ONE of the tragedies of our time is that there are still men who are willing to work and cannot find it; but it is still more tragic that men who have not worked for years are sometimes compelled to remain idle when work comes their way because they are unfit for it.

Of 20 men given work in Durham not long ago only four were able to work beyond the second day. The other 16 had been so weakened by 11 years of idleness that they could not carry on.

It must have been a bitter hour for those 16 men when their triumph ended so quickly in defeat. For years they had despaired of finding work, and when employment came it was found that work was beyond their strength. It is a tragedy that many have foreseen, and of which the nation has been repeatedly warned.

The Sea of Time

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

Shelley

Whatsoever We Do

Almighty God, Who has created us for Thy glory and service, give us grace, we pray Thee, to hallow every gift and improve each talent Thou hast committed to us, that we may ever serve Thee with a cheerful and diligent spirit.

CRICKET IS ON THE WAY

Setting Out to Conquer the Old Country

Once again the Australian cricketers are setting out for the conquest of the Old Country.

Some have been on the quest before, not without success, and have made their names almost household words wherever cricket is talked on the hearth and played in the field. There is Don Bradman, for example, who is to captain the team; and when the Don is at the wicket, taking tea with the bowlers, the most single-minded Englishman must delight in the sight of his flashing bat and his audacious strokes. He is one of ourselves in the family of heroes of the best of games.

Chipperfield and McCabe

Then there is Chipperfield, the man who, when last over here turned the fortunes of the game as a bowler by taking two wickets when wickets were more wanted than runs. What wickets he has snapped up as a slip-fielder only the cricket statisticians can tell.

Then there is McCabe, the steady, trustworthy bat whose back when he is returning to the Pavilion is one of the rare sights to cheer the sorely-tried English bowlers. He and Fingleton will be thorns in our flesh because they can both stick in when sticking is wanted—and hit hard when runs are to be made.

They will be reinforced by Badcock of South Australia, who has yet to open his shoulders and open our eyes, at Lord's, Nottingham, Old Trafford, Leeds, and the Oval. In Australia they think the world of this young fellow of 23, and as is the Australian way, they warn us of him as a terror to come.

It is not to be denied that the Australian batting is formidable till the first five wickets are down, and, as the Americans say, and then some. There are youngsters with the team who have their reputations to make on English wickets. We may think better of Brown of Queensland, Barnes, Hassett, Waite, and White the better we get to know them. In these names and those preceding them lies the batting strength of our visitors.

Not Invincible

The bowling does not at first sight look so formidable. There is, to begin with, W. J. O'Reilly of New South Wales, whose bowling knocked the first nail in the coffin of G. O. Allen's eleven during the Test Match at Adelaide, and went on to complete the work at Melbourne and Sydney. He was aided by L. O'Brien Fleetwood-Smith, a powerful, tireless Victorian who bowls left-handed googlies. If things come off these two can win a match, Test Match, or otherwise. But to back them they have only E. L. McCormick, a fast bowler and F. A. Ward, a slow and tricky one, who has nevertheless yet to prove that he is a Clarence Grimmett; and some good change bowlers.

Strong the team certainly is, and the bowling will be made stronger by its very fine fielding. But invincible we do not believe it to be. There is nothing invincible or otherwise, but thinking makes it so. If our lads will but think otherwise they will give Bradman's men something to think about.

Gold Medallist

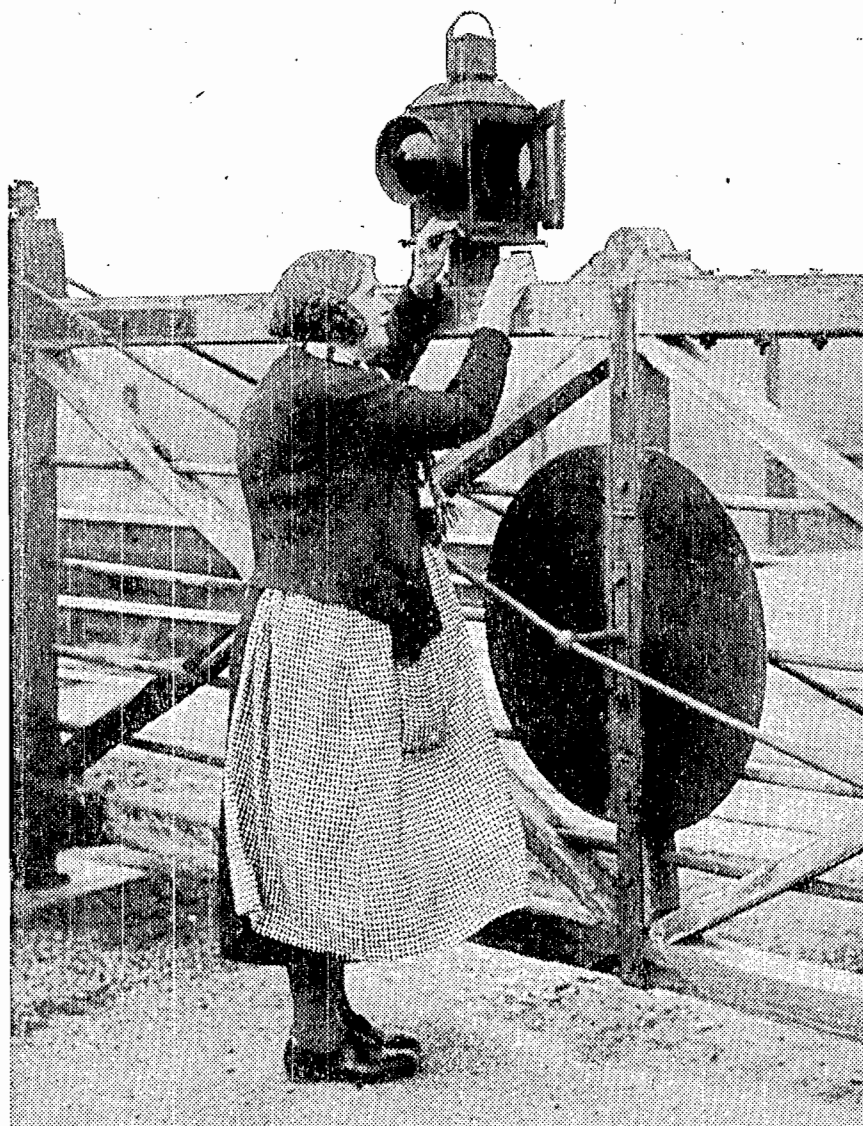
For the bravest deed of the year the Stanhope Gold Medal has been awarded to a fisherman named Ernest Hill.

This brave man dived into an icy sea in pitch darkness to rescue a deck hand who had fallen overboard while the steam trawler they were on was off the coast of Iceland. Ernest Hill was wearing his heavy fishing clothes and sea boots, but he managed to hang on to his companion in distress until they were both picked up.

People of the Roads



Preparing for Spring—Signwriters repainting a signpost at Walton Heath



Level-Crossing Keeper—Mrs Wharton, who has charge of the level-crossing gates and the signal-box at Mools in Cheshire, tending a lamp on the crossing gates

LIKE JACK OF THE BEANSTALK

The Strange Things That Happen

This is the strangest world that ever was, and what makes it stranger is that everybody knows in a twinkling the strange things that happen.

The other day a six-year-old boy was playing in a street in Prague when a wire wrapped itself round him, lifted him up into a tree 60 feet high and left him there, like Jack in the Beanstalk.

A taximan saw him, got him down, and took him to hospital, where he was found to be much more frightened than hurt, and no damage had been done except a cut about his right eye.

When an explanation of the small boy's involuntary Peter Pan flight was sought it came out that he had been caught up by a wire attached to an aeroplane. The wire did not rightly belong to the plane but to another from which it was being unwound on the ground while the moving plane was starting from the aerodrome. The moving plane accidentally caught it up, and trailed it behind, where it looped itself round the boy.

A Double Miracle

It left both wire and boy in the tree, without anybody in the plane realising what had happened, and the accident seems to have escaped being a much worse one by a double miracle, because while the wire was still wrapped round the boy in the tree its dangling end touched an electric cable but the boy received no shock.

This seems such a strange thing that we can hardly believe it, but we were told by a friend of an experience a good many years ago which was almost similar. He was a passenger in a captive balloon at Putney on a Boat Race Day, the object of which was to take an aerial photograph of the start and progress of the race. By some mishap the rope holding the balloon slipped from the hold of those slowly letting the balloon up, and the balloon sailed away, to land ultimately at Taplow. But the end of the long trailing rope as the balloon began to move away from Putney wrapped itself round a hansom cabman, half lifted him from the seat of his cab, and then dropped him!

New Wonders Every Day

This was only one of the adventures which befell the captive balloon and its occupants, one of whom was Robert Spencer the parachutist.

Something strange is always happening, and while of old it used to be said there was always something new out of Africa, we find nowadays that something new is always coming out of the air. It may be a plane descending on a chimney, or blocking up a town street; and we breathe a sigh of relief if we hear that no great damage is done.

Every day it seems that the plane performs new wonders. The price paid for them is often heavy and hard to be borne, but there are redeeming stories to be told of the daring and perils of the argonauts of the air, as when they rescue some of their fraternity from perils of the desert, the sea, or the frozen ocean. Still, most of us would no doubt be glad if man had never learned to fly.

Courtesy On the Road

There are so many cases of discourtesy on the roads that it is pleasant to record examples of consideration by one motorist for another. A correspondent sends us this note.

The other day a van was being loaded with furniture from a house on a dangerous corner, and the men, realising that they were a danger to traffic, took a rough sheet of cardboard and printed on it "Danger," placing it so that it was easily seen before the corner was turned and the van brought into sight.

The Globe is here
forced a little to
show the whole
Empire

Along the Airway

A flying-boat of
the Empire Airway
A Flight Photograph



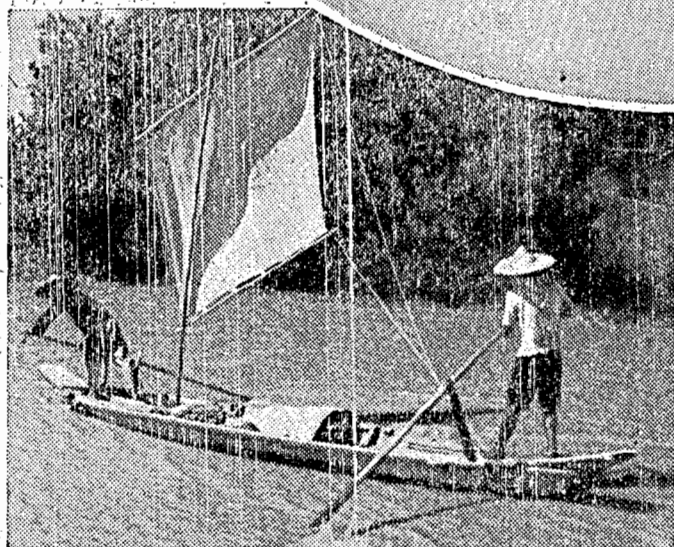
The way the
planes go from
England to Australia

Panorama from the Plane

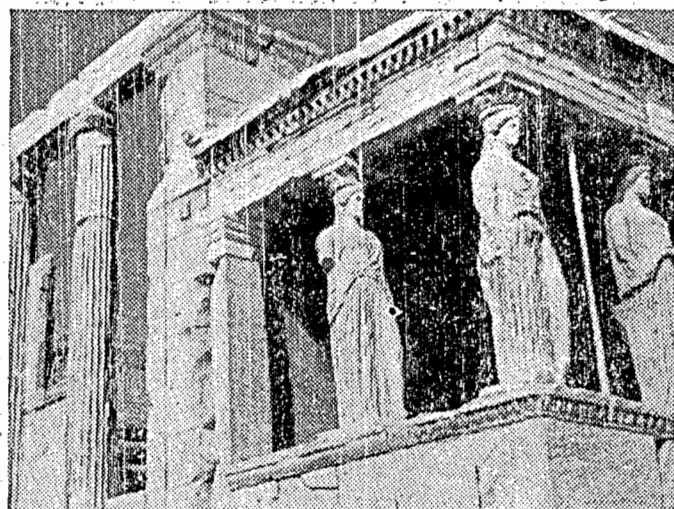
PASSENGERS who use the Empire Airways never cease to be thrilled by the rapidly changing panorama that unfolds beneath them. Our pictures show a few of these scenes. They are taken from *The Future is in the Air*, a film of the England-to-Australia Airway produced by Strand Films.

Section by section this 13,000-mile airway is being taken over from landplanes by the great Empire flying-boats. Beginning this week, flying-boats are operating the service as far as Singapore, and all letters for India, Burma, and Malaya will travel by air without extra charge.

The section from Singapore to Australia is still operated by landplanes, but early in the summer flying-boats will take over the entire service and the Australian terminus will be at Sydney instead of Brisbane.



SIAM. Coolies rowing a sampan on a waterway near Bangkok

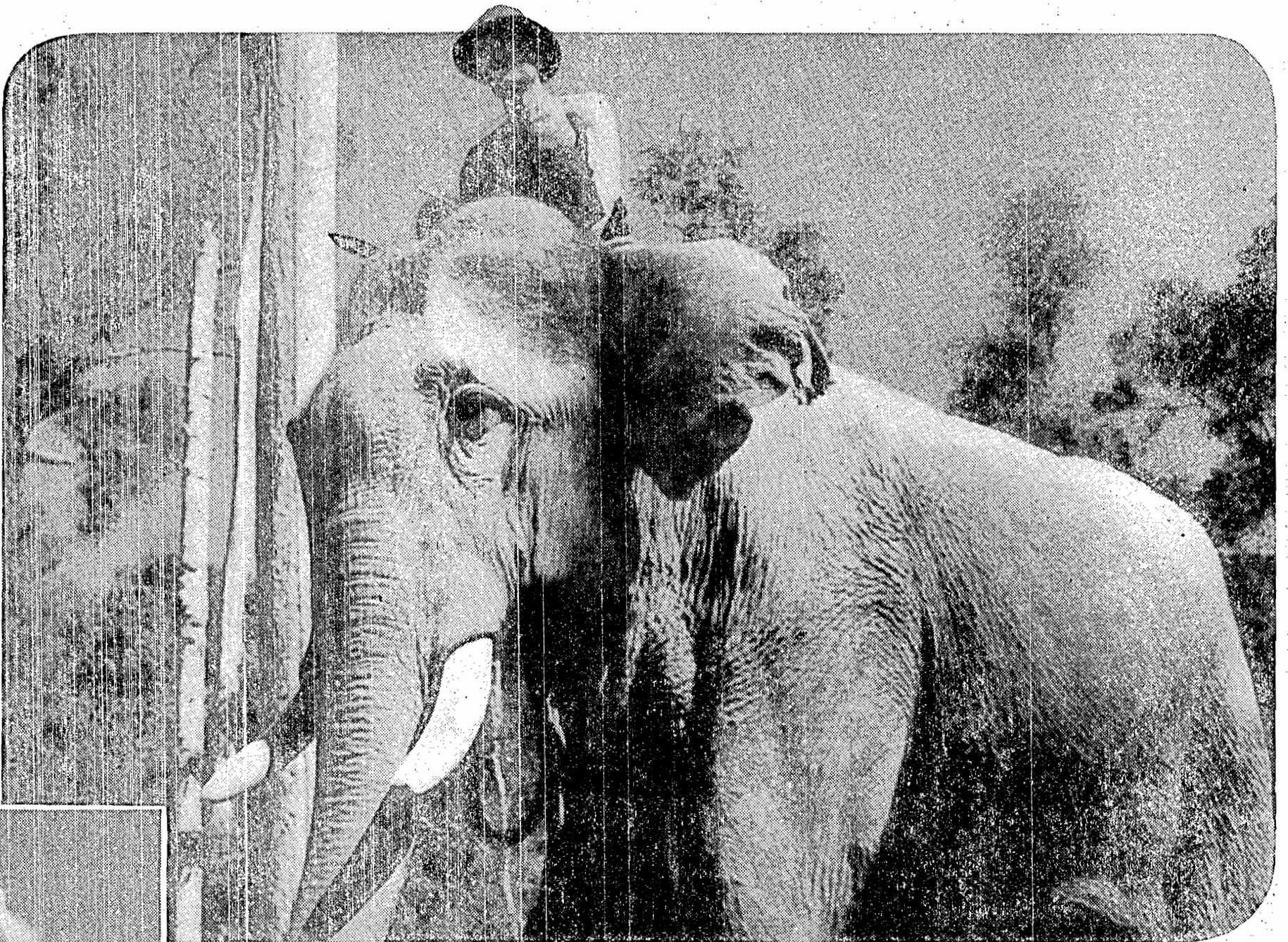


GREECE. The famous Caryatid portico of the Erechtheum at Athens



SOUTHERN ARABIA. Arab falcons watching an Imperial Airways liner passing overhead at Sharj

ay to Australia With the Kinema Man



MALAYA. An elephant hauling teak logs in the jungle



SINGAPORE

A Chinese street trader

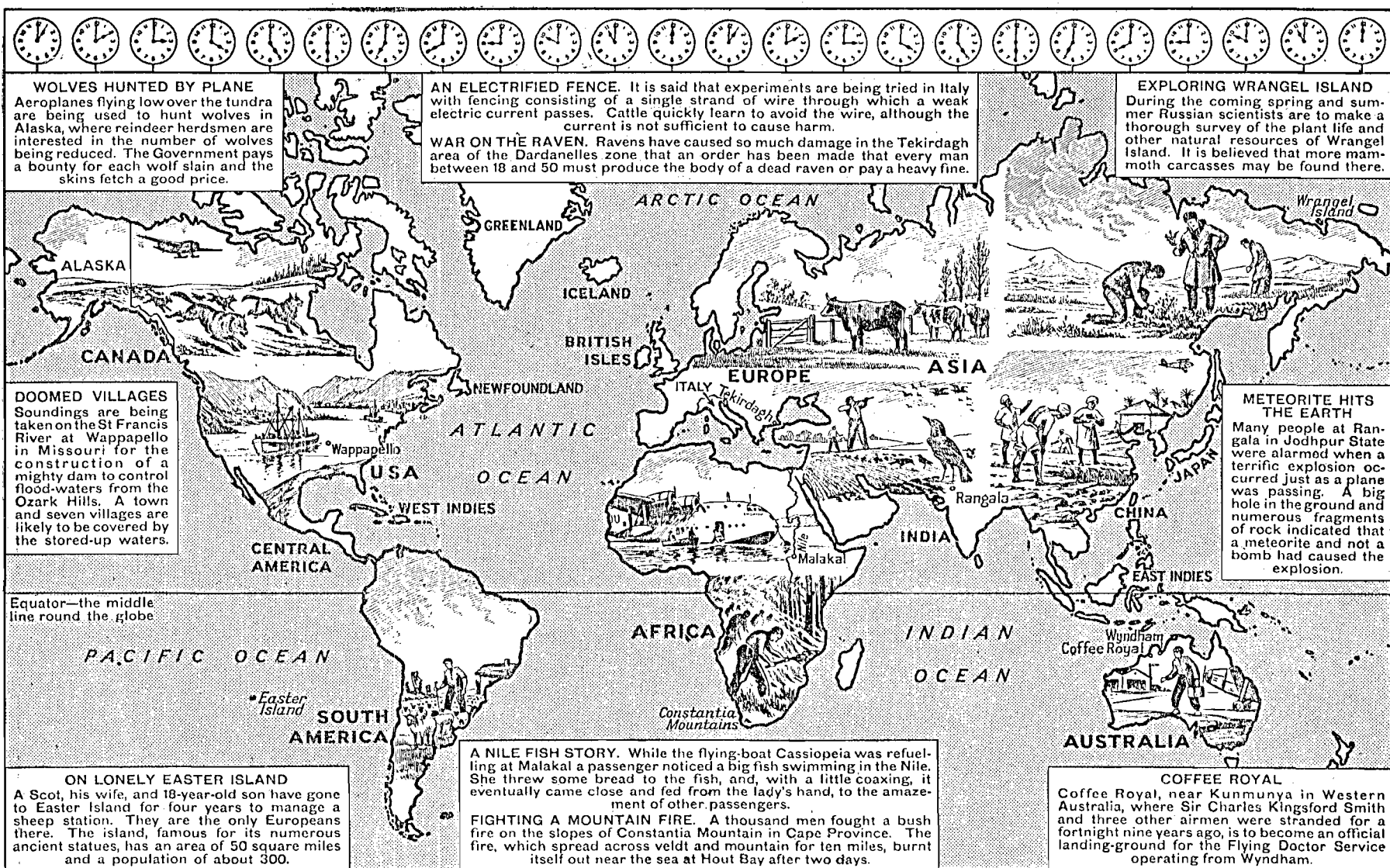


INDIA. Old and new transport at Gwadar Airport in Baluchistan



AUSTRALIA. Aborigines near Port Darwin

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



WHISTLING IN MORSE

On Pitcairn Island where the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* live, all the children of Adamstown are experts in the Morse Code.

They signal in it to one another by long and short whistles, and exchange long messages as a pleasant game. This may be because Pitcairn, the radio station of which is listed P I T C, was for long worse off than most places for wireless.

It has had a radio station since 1920, and it is now well equipped under the charge of Fletcher Christian and Andrew Young, direct descendants of the mutineers. But formerly Andrew Young's sending apparatus consisted of one storage battery, which had to be sent periodically to New Zealand to be re-charged.

Australia Rescues Jews

We are delighted to learn that Australia is holding out a helping hand to the children of persecuted Jews.

It is reported from Berlin that agreement has been made for the Australian Government to accept as immigrants a party of children who will be cared for by Jews already in the Commonwealth. The sad thing is that these children may never see their own parents again, but at least they will be rescued from the risk of oppression.

The 11-Day House

Two houses have been built in Hull in eleven days.

They are made of British Columbia red cedar, which resists weather and is dry-rot proof. The walls are of three-inch plank finished with weatherboarding outside and felting between.

Such houses, of course, can be lived in immediately they are finished, as the walls do not have to dry out.

DISCOVERY OF A VILLAGE REGISTER

A village church has recovered its first register.

Waterperry, eight miles from Oxford, is the village, and the register, found among the private papers of a family once living there, has in it what may be the earliest entry still kept in any parish register in the land, for it records a marriage in 1538, the year when parish registers began by law.

One of the curious entries is in Charles the Second's time, and tells us of the decree to encourage the wool trade, which said that all bodies must be buried in wool instead of linen, a fine of £5 being imposed if this was not carried out.

This tiny church has other treasures, including exquisite 13th-century glass and some very old brasses.

The Radiotypewriter

A wonderful invention is to be seen at the International Business Machines Building in New York.

It is the radiotypewriter, consisting of an ordinary typewriter resting on a cabinet containing a radio apparatus. A message typed on the machine is converted into signals which flash through the ether and descend on another typewriter, setting its keys going furiously.

Even in a city like New York, which is literally teeming with broadcasts all day and night, there remains a little zone of ultra short wavelengths of which the inventors have been able to take advantage, and it is estimated that as many as 5000 such machines could be used at one time in the city without interfering with each other. Exactly what the uses of such a machine will turn out to be in business remains to be seen, but that the wireless typewriter works has been amply proved.

MAORI CHIEF GREETED THE SEAPLANE

A seaplane from the naval base at Auckland has made history by flying 200 miles to make a descent on beautiful Lake Taupo, New Zealand's largest lake, which fills the central portion of the North Island of the Dominion.

The first to greet the naval officers of the plane was the paramount Maori chief Tupara Maniapoto, who went out in his motor-launch.

Lake Taupo is 20 miles long and shaped somewhat like the map of Africa. South of its waters rise three snow-clad volcanoes, a wonderful setting for a seaplane to make a happy landing.

Lonely Teachers

Two people have been appointed to what may be the loneliest teaching jobs in Britain.

One is Miss Effie Cameron, who is to go to Uskevagh, Benbecula, which is one of the islands of the Hebrides, so remote that to get to her school and five pupils she has to go three miles across the sea or seven miles across moors. The other teacher is Miss Murdina Nicolson, who has not even got a school in which to teach her three scholars. She is going to Ardbheag, Uig, on the island of Lewis, which has no road to it and is approached from the sea or by an eight-mile walk across the moors.

The Ringer of the Bells

William Williams, of Ness, Wirral, Cheshire, has just completed 60 years of unbroken service in bellringing at Neston Parish Church.

He is Merseyside's oldest ringer, and at 80 he still walks eight miles to church and back each Sunday. In the week he is the village joiner.

THE BANQUET OF THE POOR

Kind acts are more than banquets, and need not be less frequent.

M. Francois de Tesson, French Foreign Under Secretary, showed this in the most attractive way when he went to Casablanca in French Morocco. Casablanca is the French port, growing every year in importance and adding now a new Town Hall to its possessions. M. de Tesson was to open it, and a banquet to 300 important townspeople and officials was to grace the occasion.

But M. de Tesson asked that the money for the banquet, which was to cost about 30s a head for each important person, should be spent on food for the several thousands of unimportant poor Moroccans in the native city.

The native city is by no means an imposing place, but there will be more joy among its poor than any official banquet to the rich could have given.

Asleep at the Door

It must be startling to open your front door and find a full-grown seal, six feet long, asleep on the verandah.

That is what Captain McNeilly, harbour-master at Wairau Bar, on Cook Strait in New Zealand, found one morning.

The seal must have come ashore in the night, and it was enjoying a sleep in the morning sunshine when the captain noticed it. It was remarkably tame, and seemed to have a liking for human company. It refused to be moved, and after spending a couple of days in the pilot station garden, and flattening out many plants with its great bulk, swam down the river and out to sea, returning to the beach for a time, to be surrounded by many curious people. Then it disappeared, apparently continuing its journey round the coast.

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE Postscript to Roosevelt

Direct evidence on President Roosevelt's remarkable statement that a third of the people of the United States live in conditions of dire poverty is afforded by official revelations in New York City.

The Department of Health of that great city shows that:

There are 1,629,188 children in New York, and 508,000 of them belong to families dependent on public charity. Of this half million 241,000 are receiving relief through the Department of Welfare's home relief division; 231,000 belong to families relieved by work given out by the Works Progress Administration; and 36,000 are under the care of the Board of Child Welfare.

This official statement is really worse than that of President Roosevelt, because it relates to so wealthy a city and not to America at large, which has many districts far worse off than New York.

It is a terrible reproach to white civilisation that in America, the richest territory the world has, in a great city where every foot of land is worth a fabulous price and where skyscrapers ascend in monumental piles, *one child in three is living on public relief.*

Pelican Clippers

*Pelican pluff and pelican gee
We're all as happy as happy can be,
Pelican pluff and pelican jill
We thought so then and we think so still.*

Besides designing new trains for Tubes and new Tubes for trains, the London Transport engineers have invented a new ticket clipper.

While clipping the tickets it swallows the clippings and so is an anti-litter device which prevents the accumulation of ticket confetti round the seat of the warden at the barrier.

But the chief merit of the new pelican clipper is that it cannot bite the passenger. No longer need the ticket holder in a hurry fear that the man at the barrier will take a piece out of his finger as well as out of his ticket.

Only one criticism can be levelled against the pelican. It has come rather late. Why clip the tickets at the barriers at all?

The Musical Box

Is the musical box likely to return to favour?

These little boxes were the rage everywhere when our grandmothers were young, for the quaint and melodious sound made by the steel comb is quite unlike any other sound. When the gramophone was invented they were put aside.

Mr A. J. A. Symons, who has the largest collection of musical boxes in the world and is a leading authority on them, thinks they may very soon return to favour.

The popularity of all the mugs, boxes, jugs, toys, and the amazing collection of novelties which play a tune when picked up may foreshadow a revival in the musical box industry, he thinks.

For a Young Carpenter

*Charles Hayward's Carpentry Book.
English Universities Press, 6s.*

For all who would be carpenters, and for that greater multitude who would do little jobs at home, this is almost as good as a bag of tools. It has 250 plans and pictures, all so plain that anyone can understand them. From little boxes to a garage they run, with complete diagrams for them all.

The King's England Volume For Leicestershire

We give below some of the glowing appreciations of the Leicestershire volume in the Editor's Survey of the King's England, of which one quarter is now completed. The books are published by Hodder & Stoughton.

Get this book, note what is said of Rutland villages, visit them, and you have a rare and refreshing source of many a pleasant motoring trip to see for yourselves what charm and beauty is enshrined in spots almost unknown. This is the great attraction of such books, telling of the King's England, which we shall love all the more for knowing more about. Leicester Advertiser

Arthur Mee's Leicestershire is described with a great deal of truth in these words, "There have been many books on Leicestershire, but never one like this." Little in the way of historical interest or description of picturesque spots seems to have been omitted. Village by village, township by township, and a handsome feast of words about the city, the story is repeated. It is a book all lovers of Leicestershire will wish to acquire and to cherish.

Leicester Daily Mercury

There is no dearth of reliable reference books on the subject, but it is doubtful whether the pertinent facts, embellished with the human touch in the narratives, have been presented in such convenient and attractive form as Arthur Mee's Leicestershire in the King's England series. The natural beauties and historic treasures of the hunting county are shown in a carefully-chosen selection of photographs. Leicestershire is a volume for every bookshelf, and it would also be a most acceptable gift to those who have left the busy city and towns and the pastures to seek fortune overseas, a genial link with home. Rutland's story (and it is a very interesting one) is included, and illustrated with equal excellence. Leicester Evening Mail

Leicestershire and Rutland follows the excellent lines of the earlier volumes in the King's England. The splendid pictures are again a notable feature.

Sunday Mercury

Leicestershire is a county which in most people's minds stands for nothing much in particular. In that perhaps it is typically English, as also in containing in its 820 square miles a great deal more of interest than appears at first sight. This volume does justice both to Leicestershire's present remarkable prosperity and to its ancient fame.

Birmingham Gazette

Leicestershire and Rutland, edited by Arthur Mee, is a book which will appeal to all wayfarers, particularly of Notts. The compilers have done their work exceedingly well, and have recorded a vast number of facts. Both Leicester and Rutland contain much to attract the keen traveller, and this new book will help in no small degree to give a greatly enhanced value to any tour in those counties undertaken by people with a desire to extend their knowledge of a part of England not visited as much as it should be. Nottingham Journal

The volume is bound to bring home to many dwellers in those shires the realisation of how much they have yet to see just beyond their own doorstep.

Nottingham Guardian

New Aeroplane Fabric

A remarkable new rubber material, which is not spongy, does not absorb water, and is non-conductive to heat and sound, is being used a great deal in the construction of aircraft.

It is very durable, light, and buoyant, and can be used for many purposes, such as for making flying suits, tropical helmets, lifebuoys, and as petrol does not hurt it can be used to line tanks.

Little Portraits JOHN WESLEY



WE think of him as the little man on horseback; and at Bristol we may see his statue, which shows him ready to ride off on a journey.

Rather ladylike in appearance, slim, precise, he had eyes so bright and sharp and birdlike that someone said they were the most piercing eyes ever a man had. In his younger days he had an abundance of rich auburn hair flowing in thick locks over his neck to his shoulders, but he is best remembered as an old man with white hair, a rather small face, and a happy smile.

Though a great walker in his youth, he came to be known as the man who rode the length and breadth of England. A plain man in black clothes, he held a book close to his eyes as he jogged along the shocking roads of his day. He was over 70 when he declared that preaching at five in the morning was one of the most healthy exercises in the world, and at 85 he said he had never lost a night's sleep.

He remains one of the most astonishing Englishmen; and something of the light he gave to others shines clear and bright in his own face.

CELLULOID DEATH ROLL One More Victim

While the Celluloid Committee continues its inquiries the tragedies go on.

Mrs Lucy Monk has died in the Infirmary at Rawtenstall from burns. She was sweeping up a few crumbs near the fireplace when she apparently slipped. Two celluloid side-combs in her hair caught fire, her hair became ablaze, and a neighbour found her too late to save her. Mrs Monk was 84.

Ugliness Goes: Beauty Coming

The town of Ingleton, long famous for its caves and waterfalls, is a Yorkshire beauty spot, but travellers do not get a pleasant peep of it coming along the road from Settle.

As they are not likely to fall in love with it at first sight, the people of Ingleton are anxious to hide an ugly slag heap which is a blot on the landscape. It is expected that before long 800 coniferous trees will be planted. They will be supplied by the Men of the Trees; and in years to come Ingleton's blemish may become its pride.

Marbles

An event of great importance to the inhabitants of the village of Tinsley Green in Sussex will take place on Good Friday.

It is the World's Marbles Championship, which has been held there for 350 years. Last year five hundred people watched the event, and entries came from all over England.

HOMES FOR ALL What the Government Bill Means

While a slum remains in the towns, or a labourer cannot find a decent cottage in the country, town and country must join in a great effort to rehouse the people.

That is the intention behind the Government's new Housing Bill, which provides for 430,000 houses and flats in blocks during the next five or six years. About 70,000 are to be completed this year.

The cost of the improvement will be borne by the country as a whole and by the locality where the slum is cleared or the new houses built. The Exchequer, which is to say the taxpayer, will contribute a pound for every ten shillings of the local ratepayer's money.

In the towns one of the difficulties facing borough councils which are ready to demolish slums is to find a site where they can rehouse the slum dwellers. Such sites may rise to more than £1500 an acre. This is where the subsidy is necessary if slum demolition is to be persevered with. It may rise to as much as £11 to £20 for each flat that is built.

The Three-Shilling Cottage

The problem of building cottages for agricultural workers is of a different kind. Many cottages in villages are hopelessly insanitary, and neither rain-proof nor windproof, but they are the best the village affords; and there are not enough of them. Cottage building by the local farmer or landowner is expensive; and they hesitate to risk their capital. By the provisions of the bill they will receive a subsidy of £10 a year provided they do not raise the rent above a certain figure. Forty years ago the rent of a cottage of this kind was 2s 6d or 3s 6d a week. With the subsidy it should not now be more than 3s or 4s. This concession, together with wireless and motor-buses, should help to keep the population on the land where it is needed.

Cottages on the rehousing estates constructed by local authorities should, with the aid of the subsidy, be let at six or seven shillings a week, and flats in the working-class blocks at a shilling more, and all this should contribute to a considerably brighter and healthier Britain.

New Life For an Old Pit?

More and more coal is being discovered in Scotland, and now we hear that there is to be work for miners again, between Longriggend and Slamannan, what is known as Number Six Lochend Colliery having been opened by the Brownieside Coal Company.

After making a careful survey the experts declare that there is a large area of anthracite in this region, enough, it is thought, to employ 200 men for 20 years. Not far off, at Bridgehouse in West Lothian, more anthracite has been found; and miners are now opening up a mine abandoned 15 years ago because water was flowing in. It is estimated that if the pit can be worked there should be employment for 150 men for 20 years. The seam, containing about 200,000 tons, is less than 100 feet from the surface.

Thirsty Sydney

Sydney's thirst is growing to such an extent that the latest figures show that the city now uses nearly a hundred million gallons of water a day, and that it is being consumed at the rate of 70 gallons per head per day, as compared with 40 gallons in England.

In some of the principal cities of the United States of America the average daily consumption per head is more than 150 gallons.

THE "MIGHTY ATOM"



Gravies, stews and all meat dishes, enriched with Oxo, are as tasty and nutritious as the rich goodness of beef can make them.

Oxo encourages appetite and sound digestion, and makes other foods more nutritious by ready assimilation.

ADDS STRENGTH!

ADDS FLAVOUR!



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MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

8 MARVELLOUS STORIES EVERY WEEK!

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There is humour as well in MODERN BOY, and a selection of fascinating articles on a variety of modern interests.

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The NEW

MODERN

BOY

TWOPENCE EVERY SATURDAY

SPINNING PAUL DRINK MORE MILK

A Man Who Lived Too Soon But See That It Is Good

Two centuries have gone by since Lewis Paul was spinning wool in a way never seen before.

He is remembered for his machine for carding cotton-wool and other fibres, and there are other inventions to his credit, but his name is always linked with a patent he took out in 1738. It was for a machine for spinning wool and cotton in a way then new.

It was in Birmingham that he set up his mill, having the help of John Wyatt, a skilful mechanic. His invention has been described as of the greatest importance, and an adaptation of it is now in every cotton and woollen mill in the world. The process, known as roller-spinning, consists of two pairs of rollers, the second pair revolving at a slightly quicker rate than the first, with the result that as the cotton or wool is passed through it is stretched or drawn in a regular manner.

Lewis Paul's invention should have made him rich and hastened the coming of the industrial revolution, but it seems to have brought him little but trouble. He set up a mill in Northampton, but both mills were failures, and the invention did not become a commercial success till it was taken up by Richard Arkwright. It would seem as if this clever man lived too soon, for the world was not ready to use his machines. He died in 1759 and was buried at Paddington, a man who led the way toward an industrial prosperity and great wealth in which he never shared.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 45 the two best entries were sent in by Michael Damar, 38 Purbeck Road, Bournemouth; and Vera Dickson, The Rigg, Middleton-in-Teesdale, Durham. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown were won by the following:

John Alexander, Glasgow; Victor Allen, Belfast; Elsie Cunliffe, Todmorden; Brenda Davies, Treheris; Barbara Firth, Rossendale, Lancs; Joan Harmer, London, S W 6; Glenison Hopper, Sandwich, Kent; Daphne Jackson, South Ealing; Sydney S. S. Keys, Edinburgh; Brian MacNeill, Liverpool; Joan Morris, London, S W 2; Bernard Wilkes, Preston.

The correct answers were: Leopard 1 and 9; Tortoise 2, 4, and 8; Elephant 3 and 10; Tiger 5 and 6; Reindeer 7, 13, and 15; Seal 11, 14, and 17; Frog 12 and 16.

Big Painting Contest

Have you entered for Robertson's Painting Competition which has been announced in recent issues of the C N?

A wonderful range of prizes is offered from which successful entrants may choose, and as there are 1150 prizes there are splendid opportunities for winning. Ask mother to buy a jar of Robertson's Golden Shred and a jar of Bramble Seedless. Share the wrappers and send them with your entry. All you have to do is to copy or trace the Robertson's Golliwog on to a separate sheet of paper, and then colour him with paints or crayons. Send your entry with your name, address, and age to Robertson's Competition, Dept. T, 356-364 Gray's Inn Road, London, W C 1, as soon as possible before March 31.

Mystery Rooms

There are to be eight mystery rooms in this year's Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

They have been devised by a creator of mystery stories and a well-known designer and decorator, and the idea is that they will each represent the tastes or career of some famous man or woman. They will be regarded as a test of the powers of observation in identifying the celebrity they represent, and prizes are offered for the winners.

Most people must have noticed that our British doctors have lately been doing a remarkable and public-spirited thing.

Through their official society, the British Medical Association, they have published at great cost a newspaper advertisement warning us all about milk.

Milk, the splendid natural food, composed by Nature of precisely the things we need and in precisely the right quantities, can become dangerous if it is the product of diseased cows.

The B M A recently passed a resolution to the effect that milk should not be drunk unless boiled or pasteurised (treated to neutralise any germs it may contain). The Health Organisation of the League of Nations has also expressed the same opinion.

Cows sometimes suffer from tuberculosis, and if we drink the milk of such animals we may suffer too, and because milk is such a fine food germs of other diseases may grow in it if it is carelessly distributed. So scarlet fever or diphtheria may be passed round with the milk. Boiling is a complete precaution, and, of course, milk baked or boiled in a pudding is quite safe.

We wonder whether the Ministry of Health has seen the advertisement of the doctors, and if so what it is going to do about it. What it ought to do is plain. There should be the strictest supervision of cows and distribution of milk. If the doctors are right in saying that thousands perish every year through infected milk, why allow the terrible mischief to continue?

Mrs Lewis and Her Friend

Near Pembroke is an old lady who has made friends with a seabird. They have known each other seven years.

Mrs Lewis, who is 95, lives at Manorbier, and has no one with her in the house, but she is never long alone, for three times every day the seabird comes.

The friendship began one bitterly cold winter morning when Mrs Lewis looked out of her window and saw a dejected bird. She threw out pieces of bread, and the seabird ate them and then flew off.

But he was back at midday, and again towards evening; and from that day to this he has only once failed to appear, and that was for a day and a half during a recent storm. The seabird spends much of his time on one of the cottage chimney-pots; and whenever he sees his friend out of doors he flies down to greet her, often perching on her shoulder. Calling at the door at seven every morning, he prances up and down the doorstep, waiting to go in to breakfast. Mrs Lewis feeds him with bread, and he eats out of her hand and flies away.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of February 1913

Proclaiming the New Capital. A tragic act was associated with the great Durbar at which Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, made his state entry into Delhi to proclaim the city the capital of India. As the procession, with the Viceroy mounted on an elephant, passed along one of the crowded streets of the city a bomb was thrown by a native from the roof of a house. The bomb, charged with explosives and gramophone needles, injured Lord Hardinge and killed an attendant.

Fortunately Lord Hardinge's wound, though painful, was not serious, and he was soon able to resume his duties. The attempt upon his life is supposed to have been the work of a fanatical native.

LEO THE LION

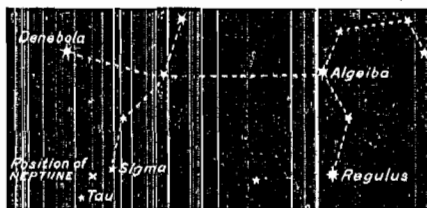
Splendours of His Three Brightest Stars

By the CN Astronomer

The great constellation of Leo the Lion is now high in the east by eight o'clock in the evening and is of particular interest because of the presence of the remote world of Neptune. This planet is now approaching the Earth, and on March 11 will be at his nearest point to us this year.

Let us now, however, take a survey of Leo's brightest stars, our star-map making their identification easy.

Regulus, or Alpha in Leo, is also known as Cor Leonis, because it is at the Heart of the imaginary Lion which the ancient astronomers of Chaldea thus symbolised in the Heavens. Now we know Regulus to be a glorious sun radiating about 70 times more light than our own, but from a distance some 3,544,000 times farther away. It is also very much hotter than our Sun, with a surface temperature averaging 12,500 degrees Centigrade; it is therefore much more brilliant, and, instead



The chief stars of Leo, showing where to find Neptune

of having a yellowish surface like our Sun, it is of a highly incandescent white. Were Regulus as near to us as our Sun it would appear between three and four times his width.

Regulus has a small companion sun, or flaming world, appearing of only 8½ magnitude. This has been found to be travelling apparently with Regulus toward the west, but time may show that it is actually revolving round Regulus. If so, it would be in an orbit taking some hundreds of years to complete, as that would be very much larger than the orbit of Neptune.

Beta in Leo, also known as Denebola (Arabic for the Lion's Tail), is represented as situated at its tip. This sun is somewhat nearer and smaller than Regulus, being at a distance of 43 light-years as compared with 56; moreover, Denebola radiates only about twenty times more light than our Sun. It is actually very similar to Sirius, but is five times farther away. Though speeding very rapidly toward the west, it is at the same time getting nearer at the rate of some twelve miles a second.

An Orbit of 407 Years

Gamma in Leo, also known as Algeiba (Forehead of the Lion), is a fascinating star composed of two suns easily seen through a telescope. One sun of 2.6 magnitude is golden while the other of 3.8 magnitude is greenish. The orbit of the smaller sun round the larger is so vast that it takes 407 years to complete, the larger sun also revolving in that time in a smaller orbit within the other. So large are they that the greater radiates 72 times more light than our Sun and the other about 25 times more, but from a distance of 99 light-years.

These three bright stars will serve to guide the observer to the south-east corner of Leo, where Neptune with his moon Triton is speeding through space, 2715 million miles away. Indicated on the star-map by a X, Neptune will appear quite close to the two stars Sigma and Tau, which though faint are easily seen on a clear dark night, preferably after nine o'clock. Neptune, for which glasses are needed, will be dealt with in detail next week. G. F. M.

QUIETER BUILDINGS

What a Piece of Rubber Can Do

A new and very simple use of rubber as a means of lessening the petty annoyances of everyday life has been discovered at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington.

Everyone who has lived or worked in a big building knows how disturbing can be the noises from water-pipes. An engineer may be stoking the boiler in the basement, or Cook may be filling the kettle in the basement, or a tap may be hissing and gurgling in the bathroom; and the whole building knows about it, for the metal pipes act as conductors of the sounds wherever they run.

It is found that by replacing the metal with rubber for a short distance this noise can almost be eliminated—at any rate it can be confined to the room of its origin. An interesting point about this discovery is that only a few inches of rubber are needed to check the high note of the hissing tap, while a few feet are required when a noise of deeper note, say of a pump, is being broadcast along the water system.

As these noises have always sounded louder in the silence of the night, light sleepers will bless the ingenious experimenters at Teddington, wondering why nobody ever thought of such a simple solution before. But, as the discovery of steam-power showed, all the simplest discoveries are like that.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Trips to the country are promised for next week. On Tuesday Mr Gaddum will describe the interest of the banks of rivers in springtime, and on Thursday we shall share in a great discovery that took place in Our Village.

On Friday we visit the countryside in Africa in the footsteps of Livingstone.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Manuring and Cultivation: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Senior Music—The Minor Mode: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 A River Bank in Spring: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Poetry—Tom Moore: by Stephen Potter. 3.0 The Cello: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Tartar Invaders: by Igor Vinogradoff. 2.30 Extermination of Animals by Man: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Concert by Scottish Orchestra.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Poland: by E. G. R. Taylor. 2.5 Our Village—A Great Discovery. 2.30 Tobacco and Sugar: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 In the Footsteps of Livingstone (2): by Elizabeth Stevenson. 2.30 Feature Programme—Fire! 2.55 Some Poems. 3.15 Next Week's Music.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (short 1): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Chins at Work): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Fishings of Scotland—The Research Station: by D. S. Raitt. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from the Bible: by W. M. Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Idlers: by R. C. Garry. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Making more Tunes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 First Flowers: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Let Glasgow Flourish: by H. Hamilton.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Forests and Rivers of Europe: by K. H. Huggins. 2.55 As National.

The Rude Pedestrian

There was a time when people who rode in carriages or cars looked down upon those who had to walk.

It seems that the pendulum is swinging the other way now, and that at any rate some people who walk are contemptuous of those who ride. A young lady driving a blue and silver car pulled up by the pavement in a Yorkshire town a little while ago and asked a pedestrian the best way to Dewsbury.

"The best way, miss," he replied, "is to get out and walk instead of wasting your time in one of them contraptions."

"My boys and girls," moaned Mrs. Brown, "Turn every suet pudding down!"
Said Mrs. Gray, "They'll never do it If you use Atora Suet."



Mrs. Brown took her advice;

The children said

"This pudding's nice."

They now have pudding every day

Made in the Atora way.



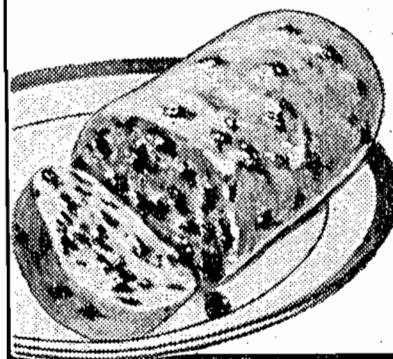
Each boy and girl is strong and bright
With a sound and healthy appetite.



The difference with "Atora" is simply wonderful.

The secret is the way in which the separate tiny shreds, completely free from fibrous tissue, blend and cook evenly throughout the pudding. No uncooked portions—no large lumps—but deliciously light and dainty down to the last succulent morsel. And all the goodness is there as well. "Atora" is genuine beef suet, with all its rich

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Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy of 100 best pudding, etc., Recipes, to HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester, 11.

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THE GOOD BEEF SUET

AZ 99 TO THE RESCUE

Short Story by
W. H. Morris

CHAPTER 1 Serious News

THE sun was setting in a blaze of golden splendour when a small non-rigid airship came flying low above the Malayan jungle. It was the AZ99, and it carried a crew of two men, Flight-Lieutenant Jack Anderson and Flight-Sergeant Munday. The airship formed part of the Royal Air Force stationed at Singapore, and was mainly used for coastal patrol work. Just now, however, it was cruising inland, searching for Inspector Murray of the Malay States Police.

Weeks ago the inspector had gone into the jungle accompanied only by one native constable named Me Hati. They had been on the track of a Malay who was wanted for murder, and nothing had been heard of them since. Police headquarters were getting worried, and the AZ99 had been sent to look for the two men.

Jack Anderson was at the controls, while his sergeant sat beside him in the open gondola and scanned the jungle through a pair of binoculars. Presently he turned to the lieutenant.

"That looks like Me Hati, sir," he said. As he spoke he pointed across the ocean of vegetation to where a broad, sluggish river meandered through mangrove swamps. A small speck was drifting with the current, and when Jack focussed the glasses on it he saw it was a rough bamboo raft. Squatting in the centre of it was a Malay clad in the tattered remnants of a uniform.

Jack nodded, and his usually good-humoured face puckered into a frown.

"You're right," he answered. "I wonder what has become of Murray?" Then he twisted the wheel which controlled the airship's altitude fins, and the AZ99 dipped her snub nose and went roaring down toward the river.

When they were about a hundred feet above the surface of the water Jack throttled his engine, and with the power shut off the airship started to rise again. But the young airman pulled the rip cord which allowed helium gas to escape from the cigar-shaped gas bag, and the gondola steadied itself.

Then it began to fall gently, and at the same time the huge bag acted as a brake against the air, and caused AZ99 to come almost to a standstill just over the raft, and barely a dozen feet above it.

The sergeant was ready with a rope ladder, and as he tossed it over the side Jack beckoned to the Malay.

"Swim for the ladder," he shouted, and Me Hati plunged into the river and swam to the ladder, which was trailing slowly across the surface of the water.

The Malay climbed nimbly up to the gondola, and Sergeant Munday reached over the side and helped him into the cockpit. Jack promptly closed the valve, and as the helium ceased to escape from the gas bag he opened his throttle again, and AZ99 soared aloft.

When she reached an altitude of about 1800 feet Jack gave the controls to his sergeant and began to question the Malay, who told him that he and Inspector Murray had been ambushed in the jungle by a tribe of pigmies, or Sakai.

"They were many, and they overpowered us, tuan (master)," the constable continued. "Then they bore us to their village, where we found Mabok of the hare-lip."

"Mabok," Jack repeated. "Is he not the man you were chasing?"

Me Hati nodded gravely.

"Yes, tuan," he answered. "He is an evil man, and often dwells among the Sakai. When he heard we were on his trail he fled to their village, and told them we were coming to rob them of the getah (gum) which they collect and sell down the river. Nor could we persuade the little jungle-folk otherwise, and their chieftain told us we should be slain at the new moon, when they make sacrifices to their gods."

Jack looked startled.

"The new moon, that is tonight," he exclaimed, and Me Hati nodded.

"Yes, tuan," he said, and went on to describe how he and the inspector had been tied hand and foot and flung into a hut. There they had been kept prisoners for many days, but in the end Me Hati had managed to get free. Inspector Murray had been wounded in the leg when the pigmies ambushed them, and, knowing that he could not escape, he had told the constable to make a dash for it, and to send help if he got through.

So Me Hati had fled into the jungle, and managed to give his pursuers the slip. Afterwards he had built the raft, meaning to float down the river upon it, that being

the quickest mode of travelling through the pathless jungle.

"Where is the pigmies' village?" Jack asked, as soon as the man had finished.

"It is in a clearing close by the river, tuan," Me Hati answered, and proceeded to describe the exact location.

Jack put a question or two; then he took the controls again, and pulled on the rudder wheel till the nose of the gas bag pointed up-river. At the same time he opened the throttle to the full, and soon the air-speed indicator showed 70 miles an hour.

CHAPTER 2

Jack's Daring Rescue

BY now the brief tropical twilight had deepened into darkness, and the stars glittered like drops of quicksilver in the purple vault of the heavens. Below them the Malayan jungle lay dark and mysterious, with thin white mists smoking from the swamps.

Presently, however, the lieutenant saw a faint light twinkling at them through the darkness, and he guessed it must come from the pigmy encampment. So he headed for it, at the same time forcing the airship down till it seemed that the gondola must crash into the top branches of the trees.

In a little while they saw that the light came from a huge fire which blazed in the middle of a forest clearing, about half a mile from the river. As they cruised above it they could see the leaping flames shining upon a number of rude huts, though there was no sign of the pigmies. Jack supposed they had fled into the jungle as soon as they heard the airship's engine.

He sailed still lower and reduced his speed, and they caught sight of a man in European clothing, who was tied to a big stake near the fire. It wasn't possible to see his face clearly, but the lieutenant never doubted that the prisoner was Inspector Murray, and he bit his lip anxiously and wondered how he was to rescue him.

The gas bag of the AZ99 was 120 feet long, and it was out of the question to make a landing in the clearing.

"We might hover above the river," Jack said. "Then I can jump into the water and swim ashore."

Sergeant Munday shook his head. "If you try to get through the forest on foot you'll be at the mercy of their blowpipes and poisoned darts, sir," he answered. "You'll never get to the village alive."

Jack realised this was true, and he was almost at his wits' ends when he had an audacious idea.

"Listen," he said, and hastily explained his plan.

The sergeant shook his head again, and began to raise objections, but Jack Anderson refused to listen.

"Take over," he snapped, and while Sergeant Munday flew the ship he got into a parachute pack, and slipped a powerful electric torch into his pocket. Then he waited impatiently while the AZ99 soared high enough to give him air room for a parachute jump. Finally he swung himself over the gondola's side.

"Keep a sharp lookout for my signal," he shouted, and jumped.

Jack experienced a sickening sensation in the pit of his stomach, and felt the wind whistling past his ears. Opening his mouth wide, he swallowed to relieve the increased pressure on his ear drums. Then he jerked the ring of the rip cord.

For a moment nothing seemed to happen. Then the parachute snapped open, and the lieutenant found himself floating calmly down toward the earth beneath a canopy of oiled silk.

He looked about him, and the first thing he noticed was the huge, shadowy outline of the airship high above him. After that he turned his gaze to the earth, and saw the red glare of the pigmies' fire, with clouds of smoke and occasional showers of red-hot sparks floating above the treetops. The moon was not due up for another hour, and Jack had little fear of being seen by the pigmies, who would be dazzled by the glare of their fire even if they were watching.

The forest came swinging up to meet him, and presently his legs were crashing through the feathery treetops. Then the parachute collapsed and became entangled in the foliage, and Jack found himself sprawling across a stout branch. Struggling on to it, he unbuckled the harness of his parachute. Then he climbed to the ground, and started off for the village.

The lieutenant had made a careful note of his directions before he landed in the trees, and it was not long before he saw the glare

of the fire shining through a jungle of bamboos which soared skyward like gigantic organ-pipes.

He went more cautiously then, and presently found himself on the edge of the clearing. Lying among the waist-high grass beneath the tall bamboos, he watched the pigmies, who were yelling and brandishing long bamboo spears, as they danced round and round the stake to which Murray was tied. The little savages were naked save for narrow loin-cloths of bark-cloth, and their faces were scarred on cheek and forehead with blue tattoo-marks. A few carried reed blow-pipes about 12 feet long and quivers of slender darts, about the thickness of a steel knitting-needle.

Jack Anderson watched them for a few moments. Then he crawled back into the forest, till the fire was no more than a faint red reflection above the feathery tops of the bamboos. Pointing his electric torch toward the sky, he flashed the light on and off a number of times, till a faint winking light answered from the sky, and he knew that Sergeant Munday had seen his signal.

Then he crawled back to the edge of the clearing, and drew the heavy Webley which was strapped to his thigh.

In a little while he heard the roar of the airship's engines coming back above the forest. The pigmies heard it too; and, stopping their wild dance, they chattered nervously as they stared up into the sky. Some bolted into the jungle, but just as it seemed the whole tribe was going to stampede a Malay stepped out of one of the huts on the other side of the clearing.

He was powerfully built, and a split upper lip exposed his betel-stained teeth and gums. Waving the long spear which he carried, the man began to harangue the pigmies. Jack could not hear what he said, but he kept pointing to the prisoner, and suddenly he rushed toward him with his spear upraised to strike.

At the same instant Jack fired, and the Malay crumpled up and fell, as though all the bones had been suddenly withdrawn from his body.

At that the pigmies bolted with one accord into the jungle on the other side of the clearing. But Jack Anderson could still hear them moving and chattering among the bamboos, and he feared that any attempt on his part to free the inspector would be the signal for a shower of poisoned darts, which would mean death to both.

So he waited anxiously while the roar of the airship's engine grew louder and louder, as Munday used the motor to force her down over the clearing. Suddenly she showed above the forest, so low her gondola seemed to be brushing against the waving tops of the bamboos. Then, as she hovered over the clearing, there came a roar like a waterfall, and scores of gallons of water poured down on the fire. Sergeant Munday had emptied the water ballast from the rear of the gondola.

Clouds of steam and smoke poured out from the fire to form a thick fog, and Jack felt certain the pigmies would be too scared now to think of anything but flight. So he leapt to his feet and raced across the clearing to where Inspector Murray struggled with his bonds. Whipping out his clasp-knife, Jack cut him free.

As soon as his bonds slackened Murray sagged to the ground.

"My leg," he muttered. "I can't stand."

"Don't worry," the lieutenant answered, and with that he heaved the inspector over his shoulder. Then he set off at a swinging stride, making for the river, where he had arranged to be picked up by the AZ99 if his plan succeeded.

Jack reached the river without seeing anything more of the pigmies, and, wading out to a big mudbank, he flashed a signal into the sky with his torch.

Soon the airship came sailing low over the forest, and hovered almost motionless above the mudbank. Sergeant Munday tossed down the rope ladder, and Jack clambered slowly up it, carrying Murray over his shoulder. By the time he reached the gondola he was on the point of collapse, but Munday hauled the inspector into the cockpit, whilst Me Hati helped Jack to scramble over the side. Then the AZ99 soared skywards through the hot tropical night.

"You came just in the nick of time,"

Inspector Murray said presently, when he and Jack had recovered somewhat from their thrilling experiences. He pointed to the rising moon. "I don't know how I can thank you for saving my life," he added.

"Well, don't try," laughed Jack.

Then he looked suddenly grave.

"I'm sorry I had to shoot Mabok," he said. "But it was his life or yours."

"Don't let that worry you," the inspector replied grimly. "He was wanted for murder."

JACKO GOES BORROWING

ONE morning Jacko came downstairs and found thick snow on the ground.

Directly after breakfast he and Chimp made snowballs in the garden, and soon they were having a battle.

"Let's make a snowman," Chimp suggested.

"Cool! What about a snowwoman for a change?" chuckled Jacko. "We'll have a lark dressing her up!"



Barking with delight, Bouncer took a flying leap

The boys set to work, and before long a tall white figure stood stiffly on the lawn.

Chimp ran and fetched some bits of coal for the eyes and nose. Then he found a red-brown stone which made a splendid mouth.

"Now then, partner," he cried.

"What about the lady's rig-out?"

Jacko scampered indoors. Presently he returned with a coarse apron and black cape. With the other hand he gaily waved the charlady's bonnet, which was adorned with bright red cherries.

"Worth scrounging round for, eh?" he cried, with a grin.

They tied the apron round the snow-lady's waist and fastened the cape round her shoulders. Then Jacko perched the bonnet on top, and fixed it at a rakish angle.

While they were busy admiring their handiwork Jacko's friend Bouncer came through the open gate. The dog bounded up, then stopped short and stared at the weird-looking object. He

knew that bonnet well. More than once he had wanted a snap at the tempting cherries when they entered his master's shop on Mrs Scrubbs' head.

Bouncer saw his chance at last—and took it! Barking with delight he leapt at the snowwoman, who collapsed with a splosh. Then, to their horror, he bolted down the road with the bonnet between his teeth!

"Sakes alive!" groaned Jacko.

"Just look at that!"

But it wasn't the disappearing dog he was staring at, but the furious face of Mrs Scrubbs who had come out in search of her belongings.

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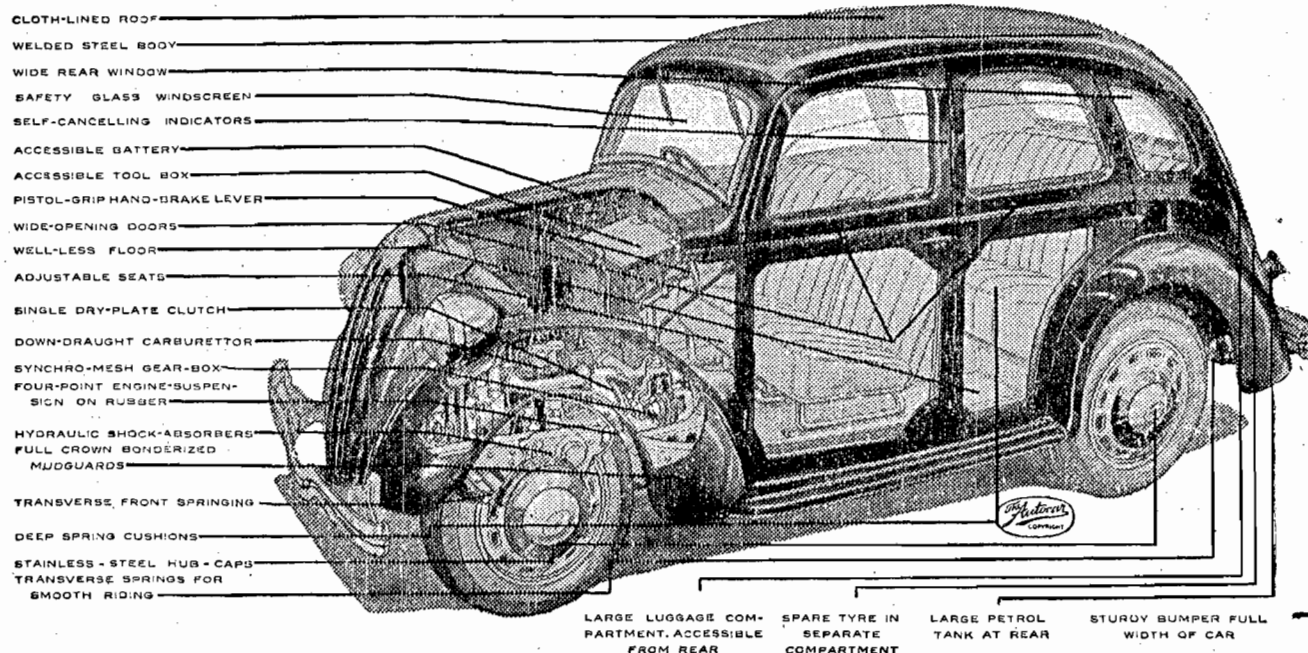
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February 26, 1938

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THE BRAN TUB

Buried Plants

IN each of the following sen-
tences a plant is hidden :
Nero sentenced many to
death.

This age of fuss and hurry.
Write to Tom at Oban.
Never defer neighbourly
actions.

Answer next week

The Zebra

DESCRIBE a zebra, teacher said ;
And thus replied young Bert :
"The zebra's rather like a horse
Dressed in a football shirt."

This Week in Nature

THE apple weevil begins to
wake up. This little chest-
nut-brown insect lays a single
egg in the blossom on apple
trees. When the egg hatches a
little white maggot emerges,
and proceeds to devour the
tender stamens. By the time
the maggot has eaten its way
up to where the fruit forms
it is full-fed and, casting its
skin, becomes a chrysalis.
Eventually the insect takes
shape and leaves the ravaged
blossom in which it has made
the change.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Feb. 27. Longfellow born . 1807
28. Michel de Montaigne,
French essayist, born . 1533
March 1. Caroline, Queen of
George II, born . 1683
2. Sir Thomas Bodley, founder
of Bodleian Library, born 1545
3. Robert Hooke died . 1703
4. Saladin, leader against the
Crusaders, died . 1193
5. Volta, Italian physicist, died 1827

A Science Note

A SCHOOLBOY once described
dust as mud with the
moisture squeezed out.

Ici on Parle Français



La pendule La pendule La clef
pendulum clock key

Grand-père va remonter la
vieille pendule. Voyez, le pendule
est arrêté. Où est la clef ?

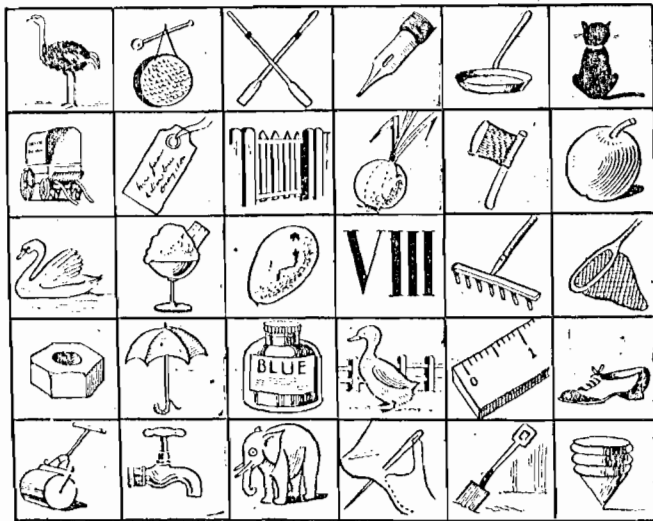
Grandfather is going to wind up
the old clock. See, the pendulum
has stopped. Where is the key ?

Obvious Facts

IN the window of an iron-
monger's shop was the
notice "Iron Sinks," and a
wit who saw it went in and
told the assistant that he
knew that iron sank.

"Quite so," replied the
ironmonger, "and time flies,
but acid drops, jam rolls,
grass slopes, and music stands;
Niagara falls, sulphur springs,

A Town and Five Rivers



WHEN rearranged the initial letters of five of the objects in each line
will spell the name of a well-known river. One column of pictures
will remain unused, and the initial letters of these reading downwards
will spell the name of a city on one of the rivers. Answer next week

moonlight walks, sheep run,
holiday trips, and scandal
spreads; standard weights,
indiarubber tyres, the organ
stops, the world goes round,
and—

But the witty one had fled
in despair.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Saturn
are in the west and Uranus is
in the south-west. In the
morning Jupiter is low in
the east within an hour of sun-
rise. The picture shows the
moon at eight

o'clock on Sunday morning,
February 27.

Built-up Names

A LARGE bird and a big stretch
of water give a town in
Wales.

Winnings and a name given
to important towns give an
English painter.

A liquid and a crossing
give an Irish county.

A dangerous weapon and a
reply meaning yes give a big
Eastern port.

A metal and the man who
works it give a famous author.

Answer next week

What is a Funny Bone ?

HE cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

An Artistic Reply

A LITTLE girl asked to define
drawing said that it is
thinking and then marking
round the think with a pencil.

What Am I ?

I woo, and I invite.
I am a royal place.
Or, if you will, a spot
Wherein balls move apace.
To me the law lays claim.
Now, try to guess my name.

Answer next week

Mother Hubbard

HERE is an old nursery rhyme
written in the style of a
cross word puzzle :

Aged Mrs Hubbard proceeded to a
storage-place

To procure for her canine pet part
of an animal skeleton.

When she arrived the storage-place
was empty ;

Consequently the canine pet
received nothing.

Not Caring a Hoot!



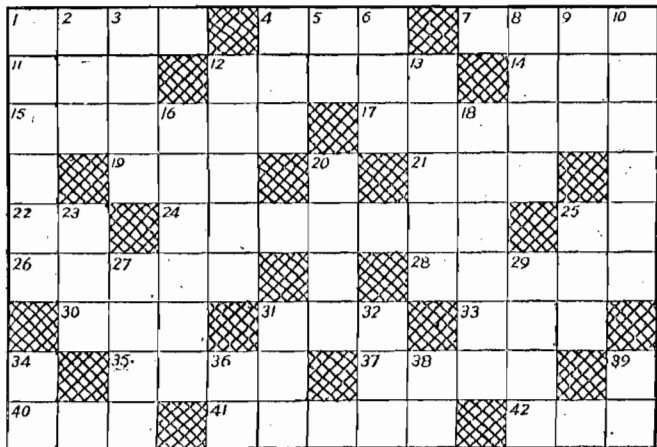
THE owl said, "This'll
Make a good seat,
On a factory whistle,
Warming my feet."
The whistle went Hoot,
But firmly he sat.
"At hooting," said he,
"I'd do better than that."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
What Island is This? Mad-a-gas-car
Do You Know Me? Gas-pipe

Reading Across.—1. Not rising high.
4. High official in a college. 7. To shut
a door with violence. 11. To partake
of food. 12. A sweet viscous fluid.
14. Associate of the Royal Academy.*
15. A stout, coarse shoe. 17. Short dis-
sertations. 19. A representation on
paper of the surface of a country. 21.
Before. 22. Behold. 24. The saying
says there is nothing like this. 25. Royal
Engineers.* 26. Instrument for boring
holes. 28. Not at any time. 30. A
valuable whitish metal. 31. A period of
time. 33. Sorrowful. 35. Wild animal's
resting-place. 37. Clean your shoes on
these. 40. To suffer pain. 41. Member
of a great youth organisation. 42. The
summit.

Reading Down.—1. Celestial cloud-
like object. 2. Organ of hearing.
3. Minute particle of matter. 4. To
stain. 5. Conjunction. 6. A fruit.
8. Delicate network of threads. 9. Skill.
10. An employer. 12. A supernumerary.
13. To trim with the beak. 16. The
principal ore of lead. 18. To detain.
20. The male red-deer. 28. Not in. 25.
Primary colour. 27. Fourth of a pint.
29. Huge. 31. Part of the circumference
of a circle. 32. Ostrich-like bird. 34.
Bachelor of Arts.* 36. Exists. 38.
Denotes position. 39. Elevated.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Five-Minute Story

Skates for Two

BETTY and Bill were de-
lighted when the but-
cher's boy said : "There's to
be skating on the flooded
meadows."

"Oh, Mummy!" danced
the children. "Do say we may
go and try our new skates."

"Of course you may,"
laughed mummy, as she
helped them into their cosy
teddy-bear coats.

Away they ran, and quickly
squeezed through the hole in
the hedge of the meadow.

"Oh, isn't it scrumptious!"
laughed Betty, staring at the
great sheet of ice.

A boy came stumbling
along the white frosty hedge.

"Be off!" he cried. "Farmer
Kimmins has friends coming
for week-end, and he doesn't
want people spoiling the ice."

Tears came into Betty's
eyes, as they went back
through the hedge again. "We
may not have another chance
all winter."

Bill took his sister's arm.
"Never mind, Bet, we'll find
something else to do."

As he spoke, someone
shouted across the frosty
meadows on the other side
of the lane. "Hi!" called a
jolly voice. "Can you come
over here a minute?"

Clambering over the slip-
pery stile, the children raced
across the crunching grass to
the muffled stranger who
waited by a gate.

"Look, children!" he said,
pointing to a car packed with
laughing people. "Our car has
broken down, and these lazy
friends of mine refuse to walk
the two miles to Mr Kimmins's
farm. Is there a short way
by the meadows?"

Just for one second Bill
looked at Betty. So these
were the lucky people who
were going to be allowed to
skate! Then, "Yes, there is,"
said Bill. "We'll take you."

Two ladies and two gentle-
men tumbled out of the car
and, chatting and laughing,
the party set off to the farm.

"I'm pretending I'm an
Arctic explorer and the chil-
dren are my Eskimo guides,"
cried a pretty fair lady in a
fur coat.

As they trooped across the
last meadow Farmer Kim-
mins saw them from a window
and came hurrying out. "Well,
well!" he cried. "I never
expected my visitors to come
tramping in the back way."

The fur-coated lady put her
arms round Betty and Bill.
"You don't know how grate-
ful I am to these two for sav-
ing me a long walk!"

Farmer Kimmins looked
down and smiled. "Why,
bless me, if you haven't got
new skates there, and beauties
too! You'd better be off to
the meadows and try them."

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